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THE  
*Compleat Gentleman:*  
OR A  
DESCRIPTION  
Of the several  
QUALIFICATIONS,  
BOTH  
NATURAL and ACQUIRED,  
That are necessary to form a  
GREAT MAN.

---

Written originally in *Spaniſh*, by  
*BALTASAR GRATIAN,*  
And now Translated into *Engliſh*  
By T. SALDKELD.

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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N  
Lord BOYLE.

MY LORD,

**I** W O indispensable Reasons  
oblige me to prefix your  
Lordship's Name to the  
following Treatise; the one arises  
from the many personal Obligations

# DEDICATION.

I'm under to your Lordship ; the other, from the Difficulty of finding any other Person so proper to exemplify the Character there painted and represented by the Author. The Translation on this Account has one Advantage to boast of, which the Original had not : There the Character appears to be only imaginary, the Idea of what a great Man should be, subsisting in the Writer's Imagination, and express'd in Colours fetch'd from his own Invention ; whereas the *English* Reader is directed where to find the Character illustrated in real Life, which must necessarily give him the greater Emulation, and make him more ardently aspire after the same Perfection. *Spain* indeed, where the greatest Geniuses must be cramp'd for want of Liberty, without which our intellectual Faculties can never shine in their full Lustre, cannot be suppos'd

# *DEDICATION.*

suppos'd to produce Examples of so liberal, so improv'd and so extensive an Erudition, as *Great-Britain*, where the Frame of our Constitution in Church and State is so happily adapt-ed to the opening and enlarging of our natural Endowments.

Here I might expatiate upon the many happy Talents your Lordship in particu-lar has receiv'd from Nature, as also up-on the singular Improvements you have made of them by a successful Applicati-on to the most useful and most orna-mental Studies: But lest I should of-fend that Modesty, which is so peculi-ar to your Lordship, and which at the same Time both shades and adorns those excellent Qualities you are so eminently possess'd of; I shall check my own Inclination, and be silent up-on that Subject. Every Body knows how dear, how honour'd, and how conspicuous the Name of Boyle is  
*b. 1657*  
among

# *DEDICATION.*

among the learned World; and every one, that has the Honour to know your Lordship, must see, in what an abundant Measure you inherit the same Genius, and with what an Increase of Honour and Lustre you are likely to transmit the rever'd Name to future Generations. I am, with the greatest Attachment and Respect,

*My LORD,*

*Your Lordship's*

*Most oblig'd and most*

*Devoted humble Servant,*

**T. SALDKELD.**

# P R E F A C E.

**I**T is unnecessary to trouble the Reader with much Preface to this little Treatise, the Author's Merit being already known, and his extraordinary Genius particularly admir'd in our Country. His *Oraculo Manuel*, as it is most elegantly translated into Latin by our Countryman Mr. Clerk, abundantly shews his excellent Taste and Judgment, his uncommon Knowledge of the World, the Mysteries of a Court, with all the Qualifications necessary for that admired, elevated Scene of human Life. But as the Part of a Courtier is what few Persons (comparatively speaking) have Occasion to be instructed in, and yet that Treatise was generally received; this, it may be presumed, which was writ by the same Hand, recommended by the same Genius, and calculated for Men of Parts in all Stations, will be more extensively useful, and consequently more universally receiv'd. In short, every Gentleman should be ambitious to unite in himself the several Perfections represented in this Discourse, and should lay down the Character there drawn as the Model for his Imitation, as far as it is within the Reach of his natural Abilities. If simply  
to

## P R E F A C E.

to be a Man of Sense be thought a valuable Character, if barely to be reckon'd a Man of Wit be something so desirable, what must it be to have both those Talents accompanied with a Genius, improv'd by Learning, and embellish'd with all the Ornaments of Virtue, Politeness, and good Breeding? Now the Character drawn in the following Tract comprehends all this, and whatever else can enter into the Composition of a Man truly great, and compleatly accomplished. Good natural Parts well cultivated with Literature, a Genius, a true Taste, a good discerning Faculty, a Knowledge of the World, good Nature, good Breeding and Virtue, all these Qualities and Accomplishments harmoniously corresponding and agreeing together make up the great, amiable and consummate Character recommended by the Author. How he has acquitted himself in the handling of such a Subject, the Reader will find by the perusal of his Writings. I hope, I have not obscur'd the Beauty of his Thoughts, or injur'd the Elegance of his Language by my Translation. This I can affirm, that I have been religiously careful not to deviate from his Sentiments, nor have I chang'd any of his Expressions, but where I thought the Propriety of our Tongue made it absolutely necessary.

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T H E



THE  
COMPLEAT  
GENTLEMAN.



C H A P. I.

*Sense and Genius.*



SENSE and Genius are the two Foundations of our Advancement and Glory. Nature seldom bestows them both together; but Art, where-ever she finds 'em together, may bring 'em to Perfection. 'Tis only the Privilege of extraordinary Persons to be born with a good Understanding, and a fine Genius, together: 'Tis the Union and Conjunction

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junction of these two Qualities, which gives them an infallible Assurance of Reputation and Success. Indeed Sense alone is not unworthy of our Esteem ; nay, it ought in Reason to expect it, and is justly entitled to it. However, it seldom attains to any thing of the first Rank, or to an Immortality upon any Account, unless it be accompanied with a Genius. No ; Sense alone never rises higher than to a Half-merit, which fondly condemns and exclaims against its hard Fate, the Injustice of Fortune, and the bad Taste of the Age.

BUT neither is a Genius of much Consequence or Advantage to us, if it be alone ; it then only serves to discover its own Insufficiency and Want of Understanding.

BUT some Men, and in other Respects Men of Judgment too, have been of Opinion, that no Man can have a Genius without having at the same Time a proportionable Degree of Understanding. And they pretend to justify this Opinion by the very Name of the Thing ; the Word Genius, according to their Sentiment, sufficiently signifying its Original, and declaring it self to proceed from the Understanding ; and that in such a Manner, that the Extent of the one is the Measure of the other. But Experience fully refutes this Notion, and proves it to be an Error. For we daily meet with

with Persons that have a great deal of Sense, and but little Genius; and others, on the contrary, that have a great deal of Genius, with little Understanding.

Now since the Qualities of our Minds are the Ornaments and Glory of Human Nature, with what indefatigable Pains and Industry ought we to cultivate and improve them all, but most especially the Understanding? The Understanding is to Man, what the Sun is to the Universe, a glorious Light, and most admirable Ornament. It was for this Reason the Poets feign'd *Apollo*, whom they look'd upon as the God of Day, to be also the God of Wit and Science. Besides, the Understanding is the very Faculty that distinguishes us; 'tis our peculiar Characteristick, and the Prerogative that renders us conspicuous and illustrious. Can we then too much cherish and embellish this Jewel?

Whatever Difference Birth, Quality, or Fortune seem to make between one Man and another, there is really no essential Difference between them, but what is made by their Understanding; that is the only particular Property which makes 'em more or less Men. Intelligence certainly gives the Angel an essential Pre-eminence over Man; Reason gives the same to Man over Brutes; and the Case is ex-

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actly the same between Man and Man. Such is the peculiar, eminent Prerogative of our intellectual Faculty, that it belongs to that alone, to raise us above common and sensible Objects, to think, to reason, to apprehend, to penetrate into the most abstruse Things, and to unravel their secret Principles; to soar to the very Deity, and venture in some Measure even to define his Nature and Essence, though infinite and incomprehensible. But this noble Superiority above the rest of Mankind, is not attainable without great Application, nor with that neither, if there be any material Defect in our Frame and Constitution.

The Want of any one of our outward Senses, deprives the Body of one Part of its Life, and renders the Soul too, in some Measure, defective; she remains for that Time incapable of exercising those Functions which answer to that Sense, of which we are depriv'd. Then what are the greatest Part of Men, who want that necessary Degree of Understanding which should enable 'em to reason, as well as to apprehend? For reasoning and apprehending are far from being synonymous Terms. They sometimes distinguish one Man from another, if not in respect to the Essence of their Reason, yet at least in respect to the Exercise of it, almost

most as much as they distinguish a Man from a Brute.

MIGHT not the subtle Fox in the Fable, cry out at the Sight of many a Gentleman we know, *A fine Head, but without Brains!* *In thee I discover that Vacuum, which the Philosophers thought not in Nature.* It's a Sort of curious Anatomy thus to search and penetrate into Things, and to found their Insides and Bottoms. A fair Outside is apt to impose upon us, and very often shelters a Fool from our Notice and Observation. Let but an advantageous Appearance be seconded by a modest Silence, and the most stupid Wretch shall perhaps deceive a Man of the greatest Sagacity. The very Silence of Persons, that are of a comely Figure, and a sedate Countenance, serves as a Refuge and Screen for their Stupidity; nay, generally speaking, it's construed to their Advantage; for we are apt to think it proceeds from their Discretion and Policy.

BUT let us return to the Consideration of Genius. In the Ages of Darkness and Idolatry, Genius was exalted into a God, through an extravagant Opinion of its Usefulness to Man, and a superstitious Idea of its Excellence. And even they, who were the least visionary among the Pagans, thought fit to call Genius, *The assisting Intelligence, or the ministering Spirit of*

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*the little World*, that is to say, of Man. But a reasonable and christian Philosophy now looks upon the brightest Genius as nothing more than a happy, superior, singular Talent for some one particular Thing, or several Things together. Let a Genius then be singular, but without giving into Caprice or Extravagance; happy, but not presumptuous; superior, but without running into Paradoxes or Inconsistencies. There is but one infallible Rule to keep us from falling into some of these Errors; and that is, to be always teachable, and always attentive to the Directions of good Sense. A Genius of this sure Stamp and Character is a Prodigy, that is not to be met with every Day; 'tis perhaps as rare as a perfect Heroism, that's always consistent, and of a Piece,

THIS extraordinary Genius is neither a Gift of Fortune, nor an Effect of our Studies, tho' it requires our utmost Care and Application; 'tis the peculiar Privilege of our Birth, over which Heaven has presided in a particular Manner. This is its Beginning; and its End is, to form great and noble Designs, to aspire after the first Rank and Dignity, and in a Word to attain to the highest Pitch of Excellence in the Profession, to which it is devoted. And if it makes a judicious Choice in this Respect, 'tis

'tis a sure Presage of Success, and a certain Step towards Reputation and Glory.

A GENIUS, though never so good, generally speaking, is not proper for every Kind of Employment, no more than the best Understanding, is fit for every Science, in such a Manner, I mean, as to become eminent and distinguish'd in each. Sometimes a moderate Genius shall easily succeed in an Affair where a more excellent one wou'd be perplex'd, and come off with Dishonour. It often happens too, that a superior and an inferior Genius jump together in their Sentiments; and are of one Mind in regard to the Congruity or Incongruity of the same Things. Passion and Necesity are the Occasions of great Blunders in this Particular. How many Men strain their Genius to their Employment, or bend and force their Employment to their Genius? Such, as will never distinguish themselves by the Sword, might have made an honourable Figure at the Bar. The first Point, as *Chilo* said, is to know our selves, and then to fix upon that which is most adapted and suitable to our Natures.

A SENSIBLE Man no sooner acquires a little Knowledge of Things, and an Improvement of his natural Faculties, but he begins to study himself; and when once he knows himself thoroughly, he tries, exercises, and exerts the Ta-

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lent, which he perceives himself endow'd with. But because Self-love may blind and deceive us, and figure out to our Imaginations a Genius which we have not, we shou'd take care not to engage in any thing rashly, much less to drudge on with excessive, yet ineffectual Pains in the Prosecution of it against the Grain and Bent of our Genius. To strain and force our Talent will put us upon a continual Rack; 'twill always have the Winds and Stars against it, and will come upon the Stage only to be hiss'd off.

Now it is not at all surprizing, that a Man's Genius shou'd not be qualify'd for every Employment, since there are several whole Nations that don't afford Genius's of every Kind; one is famous for one Species, another for another, and many large and populous Provinces are entirely destitute of all. Perhaps the Climate may have as much Influence upon the Nature of our Genius, as it has upon the Complexion of our Bodies. Be that as it will, *Rome* her self, ancient, illustrious *Rome*, did not produce Genius's of all Ranks and Orders. Not to particularize every Sort, that was wanting to her, we are assur'd she was defective in that elegant Politeness, which was the distinguishing Ornament of *Corinth*; that the Wits of *Rome* went thither on purpose to ac-

? quire

quire it, and yet had not all of 'em the good Fortune to return home with that delicate Accomplishment. The City, that was once the most abundant and fruitful of rich Genius's, is now become a barren Soil in that Respect, to the greatest Part of her Inhabitants. *Madrid*, which a certain great Prince styl'd *The Mother of the World*, for having brought forth such a Number of sublime Genius's, is now a mere Step-mother, on that Account, to the most of her Children.

ONCE more, we ought always at our first setting out carefully to sound and distinguish our Talents, and then pitch upon the Object that's most agreeable to 'em. When this is done, a Man is in a Condition to taste and enjoy that Happiness, which is peculiar to his Mind and Complexion, he then moves in his true and proper Sphere. Is it not absurd to bring a Jay into a Confort of Swans? 'Tis equally so, to bring a Talent into the Camp, which Nature has form'd for the Bar; or to dedicate a Genius to the Muses, which she has cut out for the Cabinet: For this is putting them both out of their proper Element.

SOME People don't distinguish a Man's natural Temper from his Genius; but this, in my Judgment, is confounding of Things, the Constitution of the Body with the Qualities of  
the

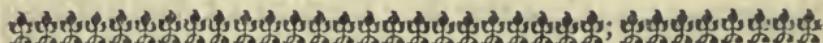
the Mind. I must own indeed, that our Genius has a Tincture of the Soil and Temperament of our Bodies; for Example, the Genius for Negotiations and Business, supposes a Predominancy of Phlegm; and that for Poetry, of Fire. I suppose, moreover, that for the same Reason, that one Man's Genius is not qualify'd for all Kinds of Employment; his natural Temper does not suit with all Sorts of Persons; one is disagreeable for his Melancholy, another for his jovial Humour, this for his Heaviness, and that for his Vivacity.

ALL this will appear evident, if we cast but our Eyes about a little, and survey the different Nations of the World; we shall find that the Difference of their Genius's greatly resembles the Difference of their natural Tempers. The heavy, slow Dispositions of some Countries, incline them to more serious and laborious Studies; the brisk and lively Temper of others, leads 'em to a more easy and agreeable Literature. I add farther, that People naturally conform to the Humour of their Country, and esteem a Genius for those very Properties, that render it disagreeable and contemptible to others; so great an Influence have our national Stars over our Minds, as well as our Bodies.

BUT in those happy Climes, where sweet Tempers and fine Genius's are more frequent, what an exquisite Pleasure must it be to live with a Person, that a Man resembles in both these Particulars? 'Tis of the greatest Import in the World to know such a Person, to cherish and secure him by the closest Affection and Attachment. Two Friends of such a Stamp, that communicate to one another all their Thoughts and Sentiments upon their Writings or Affairs, do from that Intercourse reap such reciprocal Advantages, and enjoy such a mutual peculiar Satisfaction, as none but themselves can express. This Happiness, however, has its Bounds and Degrees, and rises in Proportion to the good Nature, as well as the fine Genius of both Parties. How few People there are in the World that make this Sort of Happiness the Object of their Pursuits! Chance generally prevents their Choice, and presides over their Fate in all Respects, both with regard to their Friends, and their Condition of Life. 'Tis chiefly upon this Account that so many complain of their Fate, and live in this World like a Sort of Adventurers, whose Indiscretion has brought 'em into Fetters and Bondage in a strange Countrey.

BUT to return to our Point of Sense and Genius; we will not take upon us to determine which of the two wou'd deserve the Preference,

ence, supposing we had them in our Option, by way of Competition; that is to say, whether it wou'd be better to have a smaller Share of Genius with a great deal of Understanding, or a larger Portion of Genius with less Understanding. Thus much is certain, that both these Faculties of the Soul may always (as was said before) be perfected by Art; that a good Understanding and a fine beautiful Genius together, are Endowments that Fall to the Share of few Mortals; and that many a great Man will live all his Days in Obscurity, for want of attending to the Suggestions, and following the Bent of his Talents.



## C H A P. II.

### *Of a Superiority in the Manner of Speaking and Acting.*

HUMAN Nature is not like the happy *Pandora*, feign'd by *Hesiod*. *Pallas* has not thrown into it the Ingredient of Wisdom; *Mercury*, of Eloquence; *Mars*, of Valour; and *Jupiter*, that certain Air of Superiority which we admire in some Persons in every

very thing they say or do: But yet Study, Reflexion, and Application, may daily contribute to bring to Light and improve those Talents, of which as yet we have only the Seeds and first Principles. A Man raises himself by these Means, to an Ascendant and Superiority at last, that's awful and commanding. 'Tis enough for his Purpose, if he has but the Embryo within himself; the Authority which naturally attends Merit, and a certain Sufficiency, which the Knowledge of the World inspires us with, will bring it by Degrees to its Perfection and Maturity.

THE greatest Part of Men in this Particular, are apt to run into two Extremes, one of which is Fearfulness, and the other Presumption. Some are so diffident in their Nature, or so intimidated through other People's Malice and Envy, that they suspect their own Sufficiency and Capacity either of speaking or acting as becomes 'em. They have perhaps a rich Fund, which they dare not touch, only for want of being sufficiently persuaded that they have it. They see nothing but Dangers and Difficulties in every Undertaking; they apprehend and boggle at every Obstacle in their Way, without ever thinking upon proper Expedients to remove them. The strong Idea they carry along with 'em of their own Inability,

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lity, keeps 'em in a perpetual Perplexity; they tremble to think of enterprizing any thing in the World of their own Accord, and being always irresolute and undetermin'd, both as to their Wills and Actions, they give up their Minds and Liberty to the sovereign Disposal of any Body that will take 'em, with full Power and Authority to manage and controul 'em, as he pleases.

THERE are others, on the contrary, that presume upon their own Abilities to that Degree, that they think nothing in the World can puzzle or perplex 'em, and are always extremely well satisfy'd with their own Conduct and Discourse. They are charm'd with their own Understanding, Projects, Manners, Language, and Behaviour; they are true *Narcissus*'s, enamoured of their own Perfections; or to express it better, they are like foolish Parents, that doat the more upon their Children, the uglier they are. Being seriously persuaded in their own Imaginations that they have a Capacity equal to any thing in the World, they make no Secret of their ridiculous Prepossession and Vanity; they offer at every thing with an Air of Confidence and Triumph; they fancy themselves abundantly happy, and long will they enjoy that illusive, imaginary Happiness; for to hear them talk, you wou'd think they were

utter

utter Strangers to a Disappointment or Mis-carriage, and to look in their Faces, you wou'd think they knew not what it was ever to be displeas'd or dissatisfy'd with themselves on any Account whatsoever.

THE Medium between these two Extremes, is a noble Freedom, a becoming Resolution, in Opposition to a bashful Modesty, a reasonable Assurance founded upon a Knowledge of the World, an Authority of Years, or a Distinction of Quality. Any one of these Advantages sufficiently entitles a Man to a Freedom of speaking and acting in the Commerce of Life. Shall I say it? Even Riches themselves, give an Assurance to the Mind, a Plausibility to the weakest Arguments, and a kind of Weight and Lustre to the silliest and most insipid Discourse. Happy Advances these towards gaining a Superiority over others! But so it is; even the Follies and Impertinencies of the Rich are applauded, whilst the Oracles of a poor Man are slighted and despis'd.

AFTER all, the solid Basis and Foundation of the Superiority we are speaking of, which renders us truly superior to other People, is real Merit; and this Merit consists in a perfect Knowledge of the World, the Affairs of the Times, some certain Sciences, Employments, and Business, and of the whole Conduct

Conduct of human Life. By the Help of this Knowledge, a Man enters with a well-grounded Assurance into any Negotiation or Affair; be it of what Kind it will, and acquits himself of it with Honour and Reputation. He may then speak as a Master, yet without affecting the Air or Tone of one; he may then be able to bring over other Mens Minds to his Party, because 'tis easy to influence and work upon 'em, when once he's perfectly Master of the Subject in which they are engag'd and divided.

BUT this Sort of Ascendant is not the Effect of bare Speculation; to arrive at it, a Man must have a great deal of Experience, as well as Study and Reflexion; and in order to maintain it, 'tis absolutely necessary that his Talents are kept in continual Breathing and Exercise, without any considerable Interruption. For 'tis only by such an habitual, indefatigable Practice, that this Ascendant can be constantly supported. Thence forward, indeed, no Difficulties or Occurrences will be able to defeat his Measures, or stop his Progress; he'll find in himself all the Presence of Mind, all the Vigour and Strength of Judgment, and, in a Word, all the Faculties and Abilities that are requisite upon the greatest Emergency.

THEY,

THEY, who for want of Consideration neglect the timely attaining of this Sort of Authority, live always under a secret Diffidence and Distrust of themselves, which, if it be remarkable, is a great Blemish to their Parts, and eclipses the finest Qualities and Endowments. This Diffidence naturally produces Fear; Fear perplexes and disturbs us; and that Disturbance becomes a Stumbling-block to our Reason, and a powerful Impediment to the Exercise of our Faculties: Nay, farther, let but an excessive Diffidence seize upon a Man that is to speak in publick, either at the Bar, or in Council, and immediately all the Powers of his Soul are suspended; his Understanding is bewilder'd, his Apprehension lock'd up, his Judgment lost, his Memory disturb'd, his Imagination clouded, and his Tongue ty'd; the whole Man is under a total Interdict, as it were, of Incapacity; without Action, and without Words, though he were at other Times a Torrent of Eloquence:

A MAN of such an unreasonable Diffidence as this, is sometimes out of Countenance, even in common Conversation among his Equals and familiar Acquaintance. It gives him an Air of Uneasiness, which presages nothing in his Favour; it makes him falter in his Discourse, which is generally a Sign of little Me-

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rit, at least it gives the Company a disadvantageous Idea of his Abilities: Whereas a becoming Freedom, resulting from a well-grounded Assurance, procures a Man an easy Access upon all Occasions, supplies him both with Matter and proper Phrases, and gains him Attention and Regard even from the most critical Judges.

THERE is, however, a certain Degree of Modesty and Reserve, which we ought always to observe in this particular. First, in regard to Persons we don't know, we shou'd use great Circumspection, and keep a more than ordinary Guard upon our Words and Actions. At the same Time we shou'd attentively consider them, in order to discover their Genius and Tempers, and in case we conceive 'em to be Persons of Depth, we ought doubly to exert our penetrating Faculties. But we have handled this Subject more at large in another Treatise\*.

IN regard to Princes, Grandees, and all others in general, that have a Right of Superiority over us from their Quality, Stations, or Characters, 'tis our indispensable Duty to check and moderate our Assurance in their Presence, but yet in such a Manner as not to put on too

\* *Avisos al Varon Atento.*

bashful a Countenance. 'Tis of great Import on such Occasions, to understand the just Medium, the nice, exact Point between the two Extremes; on the one Side not to offend by too familiar a Liberty; and on the other Side, not to debase our selves by too servile a Bashfulness; not to carry our Modesty so far as to deprive our selves of a reasonable Assurance, nor to push our Assurance so far as to forget that Measure of Deference and Respect that's due to the Company.

BUT there is a Sort of People in the World, that are always to be treated with an Air of Superiority, even when we have Recourse to 'em for their Favour or Assistance. For if once these People find, I won't say that you stand in Awe of 'em, but only that you shew 'em Respect, immediately they give themselves unsufferable Airs of Insolence and Importance. The Persons I now speak of, are generally such, as Nature had wisely plac'd in a low Sphere, till the undistinguishing Hand of blind Fortune lifted 'em up from their Dung-hill and Obscurity. God deliver us from standing in need of this Sort of Gentry, just releas'd, perhaps, from the Drudgery of some Nobleman's Stable or Kitchin, or at best from the faithful Service of the Ante-chamber.

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A MAN'S Assurance shou'd always be suited and proportion'd to his Station and Condition of Life. In an Orator it shou'd be modest and steddy; in a Chief Magistrate grave and serious; in an Ambassador somewhat stately, and yet engaging; in a General of an Army resolute and bold; in a Sovereign majestick and easy at the same Time. Thus in all inferior States of Life our Assurance must be qualify'd and regulated, in order to make it becoming and agreeable. Some Nations have this Quality without Labour or Pains; 'tis, as it were, natural to 'em in general, in the same Manner as an Air of Disorder and Confusion is to other Countries. The *Spaniards*, above all others, are born with an Ambition to govern and command, which inspires 'em with a Kind of Assurance from their Cradles; their phlegmatick Disposition, which looks like Pride, but is not so, strengthens and improves it, and their Education gives it the last and finishing Stroke. For as some other Nations study to form themselves into Suppleness and Submission, they, on the contrary, make it their principal Endeavour to acquire an awful Superiority of Mien and Deportment.

IN short, such are the Advantages of a noble Freedom of Mind, that it contributes to set off and adorn every thing about us; our very

very Figures, Persons, and Gestures. And let us not imagine that these exterior Things are of no Consequence or Importance to us; they are certainly such Marks and Indications as prepossess the World very much in favour of those that have them; they pave the Way to that Ascendant and Superiority which is so requisite for enhancing the Merit and Value of our Actions. That Superiority which embellishes the most common and indifferent Things, removes a Thousand Difficulties that wou'd obstruct those who have it not, opens all the Avenues to Mens Affections, and draws after it a general Approbation and Esteem. One wou'd imagine Nature had given these Men a kind Prerogative of Age above other People; and that they were made to command 'em, if not by virtue of their Station, yet at least by virtue of their Merit. And yet after all, these Gentlemen are not always Persons of the greatest Parts and Endowments; but their happy Assurance is more prevalent without a superior Merit, than a superior Merit is without an Assurance, and that is the Thing which both procures and preserves the Possession of their Superiority.

SOME others, of a different Complexion from these, only rise, as I may say, from the Laps of their Mothers to fall into Subjection

and Servitude. They live entirely dependent upon other People; imbibe and receive their Impressions, Sentiments, Ways, and Manners, of all which they have nothing of their own; they live, if I may express my self so, altogether upon the Borrow, without the least Exercise of their own personal Faculties; for which Reason one of this Species was once aptly call'd, *Every body's Debtor, the Echo, or Man of Repetition, a Piece of Mosaick Work.*

THERE is another Species yet more contemptible than the former, who professedly devote themselves to the most servile Compliances, the most base and abject Flatteries, upon all Occasions; and many of 'em too are Persons who by their Quality and Birth are raised above the common Sort of Mankind; but for the Baseness of their Minds, they may be put upon a Level with the most vulgar Wretches in the World.

To conclude; Though the Advantages that result from a superior Manner in speaking and acting be never so great, yet we are to remember, that it is liable to its Failings and Inconveniencies. He that pushes it too far, will be tax'd with Pride, Insolence, Pedantry, and an Affectation of a despotick, arbitrary Authority over the rest of Mankind. We must therefore endeavour to gain this Ascendant over Mens Minds

Minds by such Ways and Methods as we have laid down, and not pretend to it, or usurp it, in an imperious, tyrannical Manner.

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### C H A P. III.

*Expectation, or the Man that knows how to expect. An Allegory.*

**I**N a Chariot made of Tortoise-shell, in the Form of a Throne, drawn by *Remora's*, *Expectation* rode through the vast Plains of Time, to the Palace of *Opportunity*. She moved in a slow majestick Pace, such as *Maturity* requires, without the least Hurry or Disorder. She repos'd her self upon two Pillows, which *Night* had presented her with, silent Oracles, from whence often proceed the best Counsels. She had a venerable Air and Aspect, to which every Day added new Beauty; a Countenance open and serene, in spite of Cares and Troubles: Her Eyes were modest, and her Looks govern'd by *Dissimulation*; her Nose *Roman*, a Sign of Wisdom and Penetration; her Mouth small, and her Lips close, that not one superfluous Word might escape her; her Breast

large, capable of keeping and ripening a Thousand Secrets; her Stomach surprizingly strong, able to devour and digest any thing in the World. Her Heart is a kind of Ocean, agitated with furious Tempests; an Ocean open and expos'd to all the Torrents of various Passions: But *Expectation*, always Mistress of her self, appears not much disturb'd with 'em; her Reason being superior to her Passions, prescribes 'em Bounds, which they never pass. Her Dress was not sumptuous or gaudy, but plain and becoming, being the Work of *Decency*. Her Livery was green, like that of *Hope*. Her Forehead, instead of a Crown, was encircled with a Mulberry Branch, Symbol of Foresight, with the Addition of these Words; *He that knows how to dissemble, knows how to reign.*

THIS grave Retinue of *Expectation*, was conducted by *Prudence*. It consisted chiefly of Men; there were but very few Women amongst 'em. They all march'd along with some Support or other in their Hands, as is usual for ancient People and Travellers. The first Rank was *Italians*, not so much for having govern'd the World, as for having understood how to govern it. The next to them were *Spaniards*, then a few *French*, some *Germans*, and some *Poles*. These latter, to prevent Re-  
proaches,

proaches, immediately apologiz'd for the Smallness of their Numbers, which they imputed to the Coolness of their Countreymens Understanding, rather than to their Dulness or Stupidity. In the midst of these various Nations was a large void Space, heretofore, as 'tis said, fill'd up by the *English*; but 'tis added, that since *Henry the VIII.*'s Time, they have quitted the Retinue of *Expectation*. The politick *Chinese* made up a very remarkable Group, by the Odness of their Figures, and the Singularity of their Dress.

ON each Side of the Chariot march'd a select Company of great Men: As these were Persons that she had signaliz'd by crowning their Enterprizes, so she still demonstrated her Favour to 'em by placing them nearest her Person. Among the rest appear'd the great *Fabius*, who by his prudent Delays diverted the most terrible Thunderbolt that ever *Carthage* produc'd, and restor'd the Honour of the *Roman* Common-wealth. Around him you might see the *Fabii* of all Nations, and amongst them the Sages, Philosophers, and such as were Models and Masters to others by a consummate Experience and invincible Patience. *Time* directed the March of *Expectation* and all her Confederates. Season brought up the Rear-guard,

guard, which was convoy'd by *Intelligence*, *Counsel*, and *Maturity*.

WHEN it was grown late, all of a sudden some furious Battallions of Enemies alarm'd these peaceable Travellers. These Enemies to *Expectation*, were *Haste*, *Unseasonableness*, and a Hundred more of the same Kind, all of 'em the Offspring and Children of *Imprudence*. *Expectation* was fully sensible of the present Danger, by reason of her using no offensive Weapons; for all those are forbidden her Soldiers, amongst whom all Violence is prohibited, and all Fury disarm'd. She then gave Orders to *Moderation* to halt, and to *Diffimulation* to amuse the Enemy; whilst they went to deliberate upon the Measures to be taken. The Deliberation was long and tedious, according to the *Spanish Way*, but in the End was crowned with a happy Success. The Substance of what pass'd in Council, was as follows:

THE wise *Bias*, who was so eminent for the Government of himself, and his faithful Attachment to *Expectation*, advis'd her to imitate *Jupiter*, whose Thunder wou'd all have been spent long ago, if he had not us'd it with Husbandry and Oeconomy. *Lewis the XIth*, King of *France*, gave the same Counsel now, which he left as an Instruction to his Successor, in order to make him a wise Governor; "Do but  
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"*dissemble, says he, I know no Way so effectual  
to cool and slacken the Vigour of the Enemy,  
and to break and defeat all their Measures*".  
*Don John*, the second King of *Arragon*, said, it was very obvious and remarkable, that the *Spanish Dilatoriness* had always been more successful than the *French Vivacity*. The great *Augustus's Rule* was compriz'd in these two Words; *Festina lente*. The Duke of *Alba* only repeated his Opinion upon the Battle of *Lisbon*. The Catholick King *Ferdinand* deliver'd his Sentiments more at large; for being an able Politician, he understood the Art of expecting and forbearing, better than any Body else; and he knew too that *Expectation* her self was perfectly well skill'd in Politicks. Let us but be Masters of our selves, says he, and we shall easily become Masters of others; Delays ripen Designs, and produce Success, whereas Forwardnes and Haste are attended with Miscarriages and Abortions. A Vivacity that does not result from Moderation, is unsafe; Advantages may be lost as suddenly as they are gain'd; and it often happens, that a precipitated Enterprize is ruin'd in a Moment, like the Fall of a House, of which sometimes we have not the least Notice or Apprehension, till we are surpriz'd with the Noise of the Down-fal. To know how to wait and forbear, is  
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the Characteristick of great Men; 'tis the last and greatest Conquest over our Passions. Vulgar Souls were never capable of Secrets, Patience, observing of Times and Opportunities, and of the Violence a Man must use upon himself in order to forbear engaging till the proper Crisis. *Ferdinand* concluded with this *Catalonian Proverb*; *Deù no pega de bastò, Sino de Saò.*

THE Emperor *Charles V.* was pitch'd upon to conclude the Session. He told *Expectation* that she was sure of Victory, when ever she engag'd, in the Manner she had taught him heretofore; that is to say, she need only fence with the Staff of *Time*, which is more successful and invincible than *Hercules's* knotty Club. *Expectation* collected the Suffrages and Advice of the whole Council, and observ'd 'em so punctually, that by little and little she got the better of her Enemies, which *Time* and *Patience* entirely routed and defeated. *Judgment*, who was President of the Council, went and related the whole Affair to *Illusion*, who was not of the Assembly; she thereupon determined to undeceive her self, and to reap the Benefit of this Example.



## C H A P. IV.

### *Greatness of Soul.*

THE Soul has its peculiar Beauties, from whence it derives infinitely more Lustre than the Body does from any Beauty belonging to it. But of what does this internal Beauty consist? What do you mean by a beautiful Soul? Why, a Soul that is generous, noble, brave, and in a Word every way great: 'Tis this interior Beauty that enhances the Value of the Soul, as much as exterior Beauty adorns the Body, but with this Difference, that the one really deserves more true Praise than we generally bestow false, upon the other.

THIS Greatness of Soul, which is, as I say, the essential Beauty of the immortal Part of us, is to be met with in very few Persons. It supposes a Nobleness and Elevation utterly unknown to the Generality of Men. Courage is not altogether inconsistent with a Meanness of Soul; Passion may supply that upon Occasion. But as to a true Greatness of Soul, they, that are destitute of it, can never be supply'd with

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it by any Means in the World; for they have not so much as the Idea of it. *Augustus* gave a fine Instance of the Greatness of his Soul, when he overlook'd the bitter Reproaches of an inconstant, fickle People: His Glory was more distinguish'd by despising, than the *Roman Liberty* was by making those Reproaches.

GENEROSITY is inseparable from a Greatness of Soul; it does not confine it self to a Benevolence and Liberality to Friends; it carries its Benevolence even to Enemies, and takes a Pleasure in doing them Offices of Kindness and Munificence. 'Tis true, indeed, this is a Maxim founded upon Christianity; and I maintain farther, that Christianity is the true Foundation of that unlimited Greatness of Mind, which extends it self universally to all Things, and to all Persons. This Virtue never shines with so conspicuous a Lustre, as when it meets with favourable Opportunities of taking Revenge. 'Tis so far from avoiding those Opportunities through Fear of being provok'd, that it views and considers 'em thoroughly, and converts the tempting easy Vengeance into an astonishing Instance of Generosity.

IT was by this Means *Lewis XII.* King of France, gain'd an immortal Glory and Reputation: For the French, (such, I mean, as are of great Birth, and prime Merit) have always given

given eminent Proofs of their Nobleness and Greatness of Soul. Some Persons having affronted *Lewis*, when he was but Duke of *Orleans*, dreaded his Resentment and their own Disgrace, whenever he shou'd come to the Throne. But this magnanimous, noble spired Prince, soon banish'd their Fears by these memorable Words, which will undoubtedly be repeated and admir'd by all Posterity : *The King of France does not revenge Affronts put upon the Duke of Orleans.* Ordinary, vulgar Souls, can scarce give Credit to such an heroick Behaviour, neither can they comprehend it ; for, according to their Way of Thinking, a Man shou'd not omit the Pleasure of taking Vengeance, when he had met with so just a Provocation. But shall we not be ashamed to say it after an ancient, eminent Poet ? Even the brute Animals are often more generous than we ; they shew, upon some Occasions, a Sort of Humanity, where Man shews nothing but Brutality ; and if they degenerate sometimes in this Particular, is it not because they are corrupted by the Examples of Men ? These Expressions of *Martial's*, are somewhat bold and severe ; but the Substance and moral Sense of 'em is but too true, to our Shame and Confusion.

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FARTHER, a Greatness of Soul is not only not contrary to good Policy, but it moreover makes Reasons of State, which seem of themselves hard and distasteful, appear inoffensive and agreeable. *Don John*, the second King of *Arragon*, is an eminent Example of this Truth. As soon as he had reduc'd *Catalonia*, so fruitful a Field of Laurels to that Hero, instead of the most violent Indignation and Resentment, he gave an unheard-of Instance of Clemency and Generosity. Having conquer'd a People justly obnoxious to his Fury, he was not satisfy'd till he had conquer'd himself. This *Don John* enter'd *Barcelona*, not as an elated Conqueror, whose fierce Aspect strikes the vanquish'd with Terror; but as the Father of the Countrey, as the lawful Monarch, and the best of Princes, whom the People meet with joyful Acclamations at his Return from Victory over a foreign Enemy. This was a new Way of making a triumphant Entry into a City, whose obstinate Resistance had cost so much Sweat and Blood. A new Method this of taking Vengeance.

BUT a Greatness of Soul can't otherwise reap any Satisfaction from the Conquests she gains over the most dangerous of her Rivals, which is Envy. 'Tis true she does not slight or despise such Triumphs; but yet she does not pride

pride her self or glory in them. If her Merit at any Time procures her Deference and Respect, whilst Contempt is the Portion of her Competitors, she's not capable of glorying and triumphing in such a Preeminence, being an Enemy to all Ostentation. She abhors above all Things that haughty, supercilious Air, that People generally assume on such advantageous Occasions. Sometimes she recedes from her just Pretensions, and even abates of what she might strictly challenge as her due; but in Effect, she loses nothing by so doing: That, which she thus yields and gives up without Interest and as so much pure Loss, is generally repaid her with Usury. This Virtue has yet another Excellence in it, 'tis capable of turning a natural Imperfection to a Man's Advantage, and even a Disgrace of Fortune too, provided it be none of those infamous Stains, which neither Art nor Industry can ever wipe off. This is a glorious Situation indeed, to be able to adorn one's self even with Misfortunes and Infirmities. In short; when a Man can bravely and frankly prevent the Company upon either of these Articles, he stops the Mouths of his Adversaries, and shelters himself from their Reproaches. Nor has this Sort of Confession any Thing in it that's mean or sneaking; it proceeds from a noble, ingenuous Sincerity,

which gains the Esteem of all civiliz'd People: For as the Praise, which we bestow upon our selves, really vilifies and lessens us; so likewise the Blame, which we frankly take to our selves, turns to our Honour and Advantage.

BESIDES, a Greatness of Soul is a kind of Armour to a Man, it serves him as a Shield against Injuries, Affronts and Raileries, and against some Truths too, which might otherwise be turned to his Reproach. Thus he triumphs over these little Incidents in human Life by making them a genteel Diversion; by one obliging Word to the offending Party; by a Politeness, which turns the Blow upon the Aggressor; by an Air of Courtesy, that strikes him silent without speaking to him; by a certain Sweetness of Countenance, that confounds him without retorting upon him, or saying any Thing to shock him. For such engaging Ways as these are the constant, inseparable Attendants of a great Soul. They enoble and dignify our Actions by shewing the generous Principle from whence they flow.

Even a Sovereign himself, arrayed with these external Beauties of a great Soul, need not be afraid to come down, as it were, from the Throne, and put himself upon a Level with his People. He need not scruple to divest himself

himself of the Reserves and Airs of Majesty, to appear in the plain, simple Quality of a Man; for in Truth he is more noble and honourable considered as Man, than as a Monarch. He may therefore without Danger stoop to the Behaviour of a private Person, and seem to forget his Sovereignty: For his Actions alone, tho' common and indifferent, yet being always noble and graceful, will sufficiently remind others that he is their King, and moreover that he deserves to be so, if he were not. 'Tis true, indeed, there are bounds to be kept in this Particular; he must not stoop so low, as really to undervalue and debase himself. But we have no Occasion to insist much upon this Point, for the Height of their Situation, and the Superiority of their Rank, will of themselves sufficiently instruct 'em in that Article. We have much more Reason to fear their being too haughty, than too popular.

AFTER all, we are not to imagine that a Greatness of Soul is entirely exempt from the Conflict of all Vices. No, but it conquers and subdues them by Modesty and Humility, and substitutes Virtues in their Stead, which it hides and conceals from the World as much as possible. The Vice, which of all others is the most odious to it, and over which it triumphs more openly, and with a Sort of Pride, is Baso-

ness, Meanness of all Kinds, Jealousy, Treachery, Revenge, Envy, Littleness of Mind and Heart ; all these are so directly contrary to the Nature of a great Soul, that it can't possibly dissemble its extreme Abhorrence of them : Insomuch, that were it never obliged to declare it self in this Respect, yet its very Conduct and Behaviour, the faithful Interpreters of the Heart, would always attest its noble and generous Sentiments.

THESE are certainly the Things in which true Heroism consists : No Person can be truly a great Man without a Greatness of Soul ; and with that any one is a great Man, let him be in what Station soever he will.

NEVERTHELESS, in my Opinion, this Excellence does not shine out in its utmost Perfection, but in Persons of noble Extraction or distinguished Characters. Every Body, I know, is not of this Sentiment ; but if they would thoroughly examine the Nature, Extent, and Exercise of this Virtue, probably they would come over to this Opinion. But be that as it will, if a Distinction of Rank and Quality, and a Preeminence of Character and Dignity, do not give any new Degrees of Perfection to it, they do at least adorn it with an additional Grace and Beauty.



## C H A P. V.

*What Knowledge is proper for a Gentleman in the Commerce of the World.*

SOME Persons are remarkable for a certain agreeable Knowledge, a kind of genteel and useful Learning, which makes 'em acceptable and caress'd wherever they go. This Knowledge is of a Nature different from all other; 'tis not to be acquired from Books, nor is it to be learnt in the most eminent and flourishing Universities. From what Fountain then does it spring? From a good Taste, and sound Judgment.

SOME Men, we find, have a particular Talent at making a right Estimation of Things, and at gathering up every Thing that's amusing or instructive: They are perfectly well skilled in the Business of the Times, and know to a Tittle all such Subjects, as People are most affected with in the Commerce of Life. These are the Oracles of Society, and Masters in the Art of Pleasing: 'Tis of these Gentlemen we

must learn to form our selves for that particular Knowledge, which renders a Man an agreeable Companion; for that Knowledge is communicated from one to another by the Means of Conversation; it becomes by Degrees a Sort of Tradition of amusing and profitable Things; these are handed down and transmitted to others, who become Depositaries of 'em successively: Those again contribute to improve the Stock, which they derived from other Peoples Labours, and so become in their Turns Models and Patterns of a good Taste, and a true discerning Faculty, upon which this Knowledge we are speaking of, entirely depends.

INDEED every Age constantly affords Persons of a proper Stamp and Character to perpetuate this Knowledge: Our own may boast of as considerable a Number as any of the precedent Ages of our Ancestors. They, in my Opinion, have no other Advantage over us, but that they were before us, and are now no more. The Presence of Persons is generally a Diminution of their Value; and were a Man a Prodigy for Virtue, Wit, Learning or Abilities, he would yet stand in Need of another Age, or another Countrey, to obtain that Share of Esteem which was due to his Merit and Qualifications. Praise is measured by the Distance

stance of Time and Place; 'tis a kind of forc'd Homage, which the World with-holds and keeps back as much as possible, and chuse to pay rather at a Distance, than near at Hand. Whereas Blame on the contrary is a Sort of Tax, which Envy and Prejudice impose by Way of Advance upon the Merit of their Countreymen and Contemporaries.

BUT to return from our Digression. The principal Object of this agreeable and useful Knowledge is the Theatre of the busy World, the State of Foreign Courts, the different Scenes of Fortune, the Customs and Manners of various Nations, their present Interests and Springs of Action, the most remarkable Transactions of Princes and great Men, and the several Events of their Politicks; the Causes, Effects and Wonders of Nature; the Injustice, Caprice, and unexpected Turns of Fortune. In the next Place we are to collect and extract what is most curious and beautiful in the Works of Literature, what most touching and affecting in News, most refined in eloquent Discourses, most poignant in Books of Criticism, most instructive in History, the Reasons why such and such Enterprizes have succeeded or miscarried, the noisy Preparations of War, and the considerable Engagements at Land or Sea: Objects that keep the Universe in Suspence be-

tween Hope and Fear! Ample Subjects of Renown, sometimes deceiving, and sometimes deceived!

BESIDES these Things a Man should make a Collection of Abridgements, of tragical Catastrophes, and diverting Stories; of Wisemens Aphorisms, happy extemporary Sayings, choice Jests, epigrammatick Points, sharp Repartees, and all such witty Turns and Conceits as are consistent with Virtue. This is a Sort of necessary Provision to qualify us for agreeable and polite Conversation. Some Part of this may be gathered from antient Authors, but the greater Part from the Modern. All the fine Sayings, pithy Maxims, dry Jokes, and comick Phrases, that are Modern and of fresh Date, are most grateful to our Taste, and tickling to our Imaginations; for the natural Beauty and Agreeableness of the Things themselves is still raised and heightened by the additional Grace and Charm of Novelty. Obsolete and antiquated Phrases, Facts heard a thousand Times over, Jests worn Thread-bare by Use and Repetition, are good for nothing but to fill up old Worm-eaten Collections, the proper Task of little Grammarians and Pedants.

BUT another Thing, which still more distinguishes a Gentleman, is, a perfect Knowledge of the great Mens Characters, who are the prin-

principal Actors upon the Stage of the World. He knows what Parts they act, and how they acquit themselves of them; for what Reasons, and upon what Accounts they are his'd or applauded. He knows all the famous Men of every Nation and Kingdom, all such as are eminent and illustrious for their Birth, Rank, Learning, Abilities, Merit, and above all for their Virtues. These last are a Sort of Planets to a State, the Causes of its Glory and Prosperity. All these excellent Qualities he weighs in his clear, unbiass'd Understanding, without either extenuating or enhancing them; and as to their ill Qualities, his Wisdom and Discretion keeps him silent upon that Head, unless his Duty compels him to speak. For he examines and penetrates into the Whims and Caprice of one, the Weakness of another, the Vanity of this, the Meanness of that; in a Word, into the particular Defect by which each of 'em is distinguished, and which counterpoises the Merit he has in other Respects. With this Knowledge and Insight, built on a profound Judgment and a true discerning Faculty, he reduces to the most exact Point of Truth and Accuracy a Thousand Things, numberless Discourses and Facts, which the World every Day takes Pleasure in placing to the Account of great Men. And if he does not

not succeed so far as to undeceive others upon these Topicks, he at least enjoys the secret Satisfaction of being out of the Number of those that are blinded and imposed upon.

NAY, this Talent for Society and Conversation is sometimes more serviceable than all the Liberal Arts and Sciences together, Not that this excludes other Sciences, be they never so serious; on the contrary it ought to consider them as its chief and surest Report: So that it is not in the Comparison of Excellence, but Usefulness only, that this is sometimes preferable to more profound Learning. And I add, that being the genuine Fruit and Effect of a good Taste, it is (if I may be allowed to call it so) the Grace and Ornament of the sublimest Knowledge: For 'tis that alone which can place the other in a proper Light, and make it conspicuous in Conversation. 'Tis, in my Judgment, on many Occasions more commendable to be capable of writing a Letter well, or of applying one Word or Sentence appositely, than to have heaped up in one Head all the Learning of the *Bartola's*, and the *Balda's*.

'Tis therefore an inestimable Happiness to us, that every Age has produced able Genius's in this Art of observing and pointing out to us, whatever may contribute to embellish this Learning so proper for a Gentleman in the Converse

Converse of the World. How many fine, beautiful Expressions, would never have reached us, but for these faithful Echo's, that have successively repeated 'em from one to another, till some Pen at last has made 'em immortal? How many excellent Pieces of secret History of *Alexander's*, *Cæsar's*, and *Alphonſa's* of *Arragon*; how many wise Axioms, fine Strokes, and delicate Touches of Wit, would have escap'd our History and Poetry, had it not been for these living Libraries, from whom contemporary Authors have collected 'em for the Pleasure and Improvement of Posterity? Invaluable Treasures, which we have inherited from one Age to another, as our Grand-children will inherit 'em from such, as the present Age shall add to the Number! Treasures, so much the more worthy of our Researches, as they are the true Riches of the Mind and Understanding!

BUT the Persons posſeſſ'd of this useful and agreeable Learning, are not very numerous. It behoves us to seek out for 'em as *Diogenes* did for the Man with a Candle in his Hand at Noon-day. If you be ſo happy as to find ſuch a one, take care to embrace the Opportunity of reaping the valuable Fruits of his excellent Talent. Men with great Reaſon run eagerly after ingenious Writings, in which an exquisite

exquisite Taste, and just Discerning, are conspicuous; but is there not much greater Reason to seek out and study such Men, as are themselves Models of both those excellent Faculties? We run with too much Eagerness after some Persons, when we have some pitiful Advantage, or sordid Interest, at stake; but in the other Case 'tis a laudable Desire, that inspires us, a Desire to learn of others, and to participate with 'em of such Goods as enrich us without impoverishing them. Let us not be of the Number of those, who refuse the Opportunities of increasing their Knowledge, rather than another Person should have the Reputation of contributing to their Improvement.

AFTER all, there are infinite Numbers of People that frequently hear and see the Productions of the finest Wits, and most polite Genius's, and yet return Home as stupid and empty as they came out: For indeed where there is an absolute Barrenness, and want of Soil, neither Art nor Industry can compensate the Defect. But as the ingenious Bee discerns and culls out the Flowers that are most proper for the Extraction and Composition of her Honey; so the Man of fine Taste picks out the choice Stories, and the curious Strokes of Wit, which the Masters in the Art pertinently scatter

scatter and intersperse in Conversation. These he imitates, and lays down as his Models to copy after, that by Time and Application he may attain to the same Excellence. But such Observations cannot be made by a Person that has no Taste ; 'tis so much Nectar and Ambrosia lost upon him ; he's made only for gross Meats, and coarse Entertainment. What strange Dispositions and Tempers are these for the Conversation of Life, always shut up in a narrow Circle of the most frivolous and trivial Things ?

BUT there's another Species of Men altogether as contemptible as these, a Sort of People that chuse and affect a State of Ignorance. They acquit themselves of nothing but their animal Functions; have no Understanding, unless of the Meats and Dishes that are to make up an Entertainment; no Taste, but for luscious Morsels and various Liquors; no Conversation, unless it be upon Ragoo's, in which they are exactly well skill'd, and know all their several Names and Ingredients. Of what Use are intellectual Faculties to such Creatures as these ? Their Reason sleeps, their Imagination is lethargick, their Judgment without Exercise, and their Memory empty : They differ from the very Dregs of the People, that are so abject and despicable in their Eyes, in nothing but

but sensual Objects, in Luxury and Gluttony. This is so far from living like Men of Condition and Quality, that it is not living like rational Creatures. Among the People of Rank, one Half of their Time is taken up with Conversation and Company; how shameful is it then to let all that be spent without Honour or Improvement!



## C H A P. VI.

*Be not unequal. A Satyr.*

**T**HIS no Apology for Faults and Defects, that they belong to a great Man; they are not the less Faults upon that Account; but, on the contrary, the more obvious and notorious. Is not a Stain upon a Brocade, or a rich Satin, more visible and remarkable, than upon a coarse ordinary Stuff? Now of all the Imperfections of great Men, one of the most common and observable, is a Fickleness of Mind, or a Spirit of Inequality. They are much more subject to this Failing, than the common People are; for besides its being

being natural to 'em, they take a Pleasure in the Affectation of it: And yet when they are possess'd of this Humour, what is the Consequence of it? Why, their Behaviour runs in a constant Vicissitude of Good and Evil, Love and Hate, Favour and Ill-will, and such like eternal Contradictions and Inconsistencies.

THE Novices at a Court, when they see this strange, motley Temper, are apt to fancy themselves inevitably ruin'd every Moment; but the old, staunch Courtier, is not at all surpriz'd or alarm'd at it. The Way of a Court is a mere Trade, which has its Masters and Apprentices: To these it is a Task and Difficulty; to those it is only an Amusement and Diversion: The former find Matter of Consolation in that which disheartens and confounds the latter; they know by long Experience that the same Inconstancy, which is the Cause of their ill Usage to Day, may serve to make them caref'st to Morrow. Thus are they accustomed to extract a Remedy out of the very Cause and Origine of their Disease. But after all, how wise and happy is that Man, who can look upon the Rocks and Quick-sands of a tempestuous Court with a serene Eye, can calmly and prudently fathom its Depths and Dangers, who neither hopes nor fears too much,

much, who relies upon nothing, and is therefore never surprized nor disappointed.

IN short; a Prince of an unequal Mind is directed by no Rules, but only by Chance, Caprice, Humour, and Whim; is neither determin'd by Reason, Merit, nor Understanding. In the Morning he says *yes*, in the Evening *no*; he changes in an Hour's Time from white to black, to favour or to mortify you, without being led by any reasonable Motive to one Side or other. But what is the Reason that great Men are generally more fantastical, and consequently more unequal, than People of lower Rank? 'Tis because the great Men, being more at Ease in their Fortunes, and for that Reason more free from Fears, are more at Leisure to grow whimsical, and to make their Fancy their Law. Besides, in the Opinion of some great People (though 'tis a very chimerical Opinion, God knows) to say one while, I will have it so, and another while, I will not, is a Means to let us see they are both their own Masters and ours. Thus, in Truth, is Wisdom generally more remote from an exalted, than from an inferior Station. But, in any Condition whatsoever, the wise Man is always equal: If the Circumstances of Affairs require any Alteration to be made in his Conduct,

duct, he makes it; but this is not being unequal; this, properly speaking, is not changing; 'tis only conforming to right Reason, which obliges him to submit to Times and Occasions: 'Tis Wisdom, because it is Necessity; and 'tis Equality of Mind, because it is Wisdom.

GREAT Persons are not only subject to Inequalities, with regard to the Persons they have to do with, but even with respect to Virtue too; to the End, I suppose, that in all Things they may breathe out nothing but despotic Power, and absolute Independence. *Demetrius* push'd these Variations and Inconstancies very far; nor did he want Censors to pay him off with bitter and satirical Reflexions. *Demetrius* was every Day unlike himself: Peace and War form'd him into two such different Men, that there was not the least Mark of Resemblance left in his whole Conduct. In time of Peace, he was a Medley of all Vices; and in time of War a Composition of all Virtues. When he was at War with the Enemies of the State, he was at Peace with Virtue; and when he was at Peace with the Enemies, he was at War with Virtue. What strange Revolutions are made in the Heart of Man, through Idleness, or Employment! But there never was such another Instance of Inequality in the World, as *Nero*. *Nero*, that Monster

in all Kinds of Vices, was still more so in this Respect, that whilst he was Master of the World, he was a Slave to himself.

SOME People are born vicious, and grow more and more so, for want of a Firmness and Resolution of Mind to undergo the Conflicts that are necessary in order to gain a Conquest and Mastery over themselves. Others attain to a happy Perfection by the Dint of struggling with themselves, and subduing their Inclinations, so as to acquire a Kind of new Nature. If our Inequality and changing proceeded in this Manner from bad to good, and from good to perfect, it would then be worthy of our Praise and Esteem: But it generally draws the other Way, from bad to worse, and from worse to worst of all. Vice is always obvious to us, and confronts us, but we have only a Side-glance, as it were, at Virtue: The one obtrudes it self upon us, the other seems to shun and avoid us; the one courts us under the Appearance of Pleasure, and the other hides it self from us under the Appearance of Pain.

BUT is Inequality then in Reality so great, a Fault? Does not the whole Universe turn upon Changes and Vicissitudes? Why should not Man then, who is an Epitome of that, imitate it in this Respect? The same Climate presents

presents to our View high Mountains and deep Vallies; Symbols of the Heights and Depths of an unequal Mind. And yet it is this Mixture and Variety, which makes the Richness and Beauty of the Climate. Is there any thing in the World more unequal and variable than Time? One While 'tis crown'd and adorn'd with a beautiful Variety of gay, smiling Flowers, another While naked and deform'd with grisly Frosts. In one Word, a perpetual Change and Vicissitude reigns throughout all Nature, and from thence results the most excellent Harmony. Would not Man, in like Manner, be the more perfect, were he continually varying and changing; were he as much a *Proteus* in Mind and Reality, as that in the Fable was in Picture and Figure?

No; the Mind of Man ought not to change its Situation, as the World does its Face: The Perfection of the one differs in this Respect from the Perfection of the other. This Universe is a Sort of general Theater, where all imaginable Changes and Varieties ought to be represented; but Man is as one Person or Actor upon the Stage, whose Character ought to be but one, consistent and uniform, always like it self, unless when he directly changes his Part to act in another or superior Character. Any other Change is against Reason, and at least a

Levity, which the World will always account a Fault.

THERE'S yet another Species of Men so unequal and unlike themselves in their very Judgments, either upon Matter of Busines, or Points of Learning, that they seem to take Pleasure in belying their own Merit and Reputation. Sometimes they shall reason and discourse so judiciously, that it would charm you to hear 'em; at other Times there's not the least Grain or Shadow of Sense in all their Arguments; you would pity their Weakness and Folly. And yet these are none of your vulgar fickle People, that happen to be sometimes right, and sometimes wrong, in every Thing they do. Those I'm now blaming, are your volatile, mercurial, weak Men, whose Judgments are biass'd by Passion or Prejudice, and who being govern'd by one or other of these, count that detestable to Day, which they reckon'd admirable Yesterday. The Conversation of such Men is not much courted, whatever Service they may be capable of doing; because, forsooth, their Parts are good, a Man must never know how to keep in with them, nor upon what Footing he stands in their Favour. Are they prepossess'd, or are they not? None but themselves can tell; let us wait till we know how it is with 'em in that Particular.

C H A P.



## C H A P. VII.

*The Man of all Hours, or one that's fit  
for every Thing. The Author's Let-  
ter to his Friend Lastanosa.*

DEAR *Lastanosa*, we ought neither to be always laughing like *Democritus*, nor always weeping like *Heraclitus*. Where the wise Man in holy Writ discourses of Time, he marks out to us the different Uses and Employments for it. That there is a Time for Labour, and a Time for Rest, a Time for one's self, and a Time for others ; in the same Manner every thing ought to have its proper Place, not only for the Sake of preserving an Order and Regularity in our Conduct, but for the better enlarging and improving our Capacities. Whoever has gain'd this Point, thus to distribute and dispose of all the Hours of his Life, is qualify'd to please all Tastes, and to be the Darling of Mankind. Man is originally a Kind of little Sketch of the whole Creation; he should therefore make it his Aim,

and endeavour to become an Epitome, as it were, of the whole civil and moral System. For my Part, I can't esteem that a happy Genius, which is confin'd and shut up in one Thing, though it were the most excellent and sublime of all the Sciences. What would it be then, if that single Object of its Knowledge were but common and indifferent? And yet this is the Case with most Men of Busines and Employment in the World. The Soldier talks of nothing but Campains; the Merchant of nothing but Traffick; the Banker of the Price of Money, and the Course of Exchange; and the Lawyer of his Causes and Prosecutions; they have no Understanding in any thing else. Such Discourse as this, always upon one Note, is mortifying to the last Degree: It makes a Man stop his Ears, or, if he keeps 'em open, 'tis only to mimick and counterfeit such Gentlemen, and to render 'em the more ridiculous. The Happiness of human Life consists in a Diversity of Circumstances, in the same Manner as Harmony consists in a Variety of Sounds.

HOWEVER, there's a Sort of People that a Man is willing to be acquainted with, though they are not capable of entertaining him upon two different Subjects. But then he visits them no farther than he has Occasion for their Information, and upon that Account he must be content

content to endure the ostentatious Display of their single Science. There's another Species that a Man would be glad to avoid, because their Knowledge is trifolous and trifling; and when once they are got upon the Topick of their insipid Niceties, their silly insignificant Stories, their affected Witticisms, which they have had by Heart for many Years, they run on with an everlasting Impertinence. This is their Strong-hold; hither they fly right or wrong, and there they'll dwell for Hours together; nor is it possible to draw them out of this Intrenchment: Meer *Syphus's* of Conversation, which they perpetually keep rolling the same Way. Every sensible Man dreads these Bablers of reiterated Trifles, that like Parasites run on in a constant Circle of insipid Repetitions. To be oblig'd to undergo these insupportable Conversations often, would be putting human Patience to too severe a Trial; a Man would rather chuse to seclude himself for ever in the solitary Retirement of his own Closet. The Company of some certain Male-contents too, that are always exclaiming against the Injustice that's done 'em, is, in my Opinion, no less insupportable. In short, for my Part, I would give the World to be deliver'd from any Man whatsoever, that has but one Thing in his Head and Understanding.

BUT, dear *Lastanosa*, a Man makes himself Amends for this tiresome Scraping upon one String, by the Converse of such agreeable Friends as are capable of touching every Note; Friends that can adapt themselves to every Thing, to the several Distinctions of Persons, the Diversity of Occurrences and Incidents, and the Variety of Topicks for Conversation. One single Friend of this Stamp is better than a Thousand others; a Man can't set too great a Value upon such a Treasure, when once he has been so happy as to find it. Such a Friend is born with a Greatness of Mind, with an extensive Capacity, an exquisite Taste, and universal Genius. His good Nature suits it self to the Reach of every Body he converses with, and he's always willing to conform to it. His good Sense makes him equally capable of carrying on a grave or a pleasant Discourse; and he's always dispos'd to continue either as long as the Company pleases, and no longer. One Word upon any new Subject of Discourse, is a sufficient Intimation to him to drop that in Hand, and to enter upon the other. Thus is he happily possess'd of all the Parts of useful and social Knowledge, besides that Erudition which denominates what we call a learned Man, in the Republick of Letters. With these

these Accomplishments one single Man becomes suitable and agreeable to all Mankind.

IN antient Times, one single Food sent down from Heaven to our Forefathers, both supported 'em, and at the same time gratify'd all their different Tastes and Appetites. This is a Kind of Picture or Representation of those Genius's that have the Art of transforming themselves, as it were, into all Characters, and of pleasing all Sorts of People. Besides a tolerable Knowledge in Mathematicks, Philosophy, Divinity, History, Medals, and polite Learning, they are skill'd too in Painting, Sculpture, Gardening and Architecture. And yet all these various Ideas, so foreign and contrary to one another, don't clash or interfere in these Gentlemen; as their Apprehension and Conception of 'em was at first clear and distinct, so they deliver and communicate them upon Occasion, with the same Clearness and Perspicuity. It would be strange if such Men as these thought and liv'd only for themselves. But you and I are acquainted with some of 'em, who are so polite and well-bred, as to favour us with a Part of their Time and Conversation.

ALL these fine Qualifications are not so much the Effects of hard Labour and Study, as of the using and exercising the Talent that was given

given 'em for that End. An extensive Talent or Genius ought not to be confin'd to one Object alone ; that would be detrimental both to it, and to the Publick. When a Man has receiv'd (as I may say) such an unlimited Blessing from Heaven, it would be an Instance of the greatest Ingratitude to stint and limit the Use of it. Indeed a narrow, limited Genius, may dwell upon one Thing, and confine its Taste to that only ; Nature has chalk'd him out but a small Sphere, and there let him remain, provided he does not tease and torment us with his one Topick of Learning, to which he's attach'd. But an universal Genius, that has deriv'd Improvement from all Occasions and Occurrences, bends and conforms to every thing : He varies the Notes, and changes the Subjects of Conversation, according as it suits with Decorum, and the Pleasure of his Companions. To be always in a grave Tone, dulls the Company ; to be always jesting, cloys it ; always philosophizing, smells of Pedantry ; always criticizing, is to act the Scholiast or Commentator. Every Subject of Discourse has its proper and suitable Time, as every Sort of Fruit has its proper and limited Season.

No Man living observes this Maxim more nicely, than a certain great Man of this Age, whom you are not unacquainted with. At the Head

Head of an Army, he's a compleat General; at Court, he's an accomplish'd Courtier; in Council, a judicious Statesman; at Table, a most agreeable Companion; in his Retirement, all the Sciences are Objects of his Application; and in the social Part of his Life, there's nothing out of the Sphere of his Knowledge and Conversation.

IT was not thus with another Person of the Army of your Acquaintance, whom the World rightly judg'd to be more vain-glorious than brave. Once at a Court-Entertainment, a Woman of Quality offer'd to lead this Gentleman out to dance with her; he excus'd himself to the Lady, by telling her, he had never learnt to move his Feet to Musick and Measure; he only knew how to move his Arms to put his Countrey's Enemies out of their Measures. If a Man be good for nothing but Fighting, reply'd the Lady, methinks, in Time of Peace, it would best become him to sit quietly at Home, in Imitation of your Sword there, that takes its Rest in the peaceful Scabbard. The Cavalier's Apology was thought very unbecoming, and only fit for the Mouth of an *Amadis*.

No, dear *Lastanosa*, if a Man would be a Person of all Hours, and appear fit for every thing, there's no Part, but what he should be capable of acting: He must be sometimes grave,

grave, and sometimes gay; one While a Philosopher, and another While a Trifler: A Man must be all this, I say, or at least appear to be so, according to the Circumstances of Time and Place. In short, he must be sometimes for himself, and sometimes for other People. Thus is the Time of Life to be portion'd out and divided. The first, and most essential Part of it is to be allotted to our selves, and the Remainder is to be dedicated to Mankind, for the keeping up and maintaining of that Fellowship and Society which the divine Providence has appointed. But though there be a Time for all Things, yet we must remember there's none allow'd for any thing that's repugnant to Honour and Conscience.



## C H A P. VIII.

*The fine Understanding. A Dialogue  
between Don Andrew and the Au-  
thor.*

*Don And.* **T**IS a common Saying, that few Words are sufficient to make a Thing intelligible to a Man of Sense.

*Auth.*

*Auth.* AND I say that few Words will suffice to make a Man of Sense be understood; nay, he has no Occasion for Words at all, to make himself intelligible; when he pleases, he can make his Thoughts be legible in his Countenance: Sometimes his very Silence speaks, and is more significant to an Understanding Man, than a Multitude of Words are to a Fool.

*Don And.* THOSE Truths, which it concerns us most essentially to know, are never discover'd to us but by Halves.

*Auth.* TRUE; and yet by that half Discovery, a fine Understanding will easily apprehend and fathom the Remainder.

*Don And.* 'TWAS indeed such a fine penetrating Judgment that preserv'd our *Amphion of Arragon*\*, who being persecuted by his Countreymen, that were secretly conspiring his Ruin, wisely and seasonably withdrew himself to an illustrious † Nation, which joyfully receiv'd him.

*Auth.* WHAT a dexterous Ability accompanies Merit! what Numberless Expedients a delicate Capacity will find out! especially when they both meet in so eminent a Degree, as they did in that admirable Genius.

\* *Antonio Perez*, of whom *Gracian* makes mention in his *Arte de Ingenio*.

† The French.

*Don And.* IN the Age we live in, to speak Truth, or to Romance, is almost the same Thing.

*Auth.* So that a Man dares not be sincere, lest he should be reckon'd a Fool: All he can do, is to give a dark, remote Hint at Truth, and that too with much Art and Circumspection.

*Don And.* PEOPLE do practise those Reserves and Distances, especially to great Men, whom they're forc'd to sooth with extreme Tenderness and Delicacy for their own Sakes.

*Auth.* AND yet 'tis the great Mens most essential Interest to be fully and exactly inform'd of the Truth: For upon the Knowledge or Ignorance of that, their Safety or Ruin often depends.

*Don And.* Be that as it will, Truth in these Days is like a Christian Virgin or Nun, who having a singular Modesty, as well as Beauty, never appears without a Veil.

*Auth.* IT so much the more concerns Princes and great Men to search out and discover Truth themselves, since the World is so much afraid to unveil it to 'em. They are generally discerning enough to find out a Snare or a Plot laid against 'em, and to preserve themselves from it. Let 'em then make use of their discerning Faculty, to discover Truth through the

the Veil she's cover'd with ; for, in short, some or other will always give 'em sufficient Hints and Intimations to know it by, if they'll be but mindful and attentive.

*Don And.* BUT to speak in general, the great Men apart, Sincerity is become exceeding politick and reserv'd : Every Step she takes, she's afraid of tripping upon some Stumbling-block or other. If it be a Fool she has to do with, her Fear either makes her entirely hold her Tongue, or basely resign her Cause to Flattery.

*Auth.* AND how does she demean her self towards a Person of Understanding ?

*Don And.* EVEN with him too she can't use too much Caution and Address.

*Auth.* 'Tis certain a Man of Sense, how reasonable soever he may be in other Respects, yet does not like that we should openly take upon us to undeceive him of an Error, or bluntly to convince him of his Mistakes. The Way is to point out his Error in such a delicate Manner, that he may perceive it without Displeasure, and may have Room to ascribe the Glory of the Discovery to himself.

*Don And.* A CONVERSATION between two such curious, understanding Persons, must needs afford a very diverting Entertainment. The one is to speak but Half a Word, and yet  
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the other is to fathom the very Bottom of his Meaning. How pleasant it is to observe that scrupulous Reservedness on the one Side, which speaks but just so much as will precisely serve to make him intelligible to his sagacious Companion; and that piercing Subtlety on the other Side, which penetrates into what the other conceals! The one slightly glances upon the Point in Question, and the other pierces into it through all the Clouds that intercept him.

*Auth.* It behoves us to make proper and useful Reflexions upon the Nature of Things, that are thus insinuated to us. If they be in our Favour, instead of finishing our own Panegyrick upon the Sketch, that's so presented to us, we should check and restrain our too great Proneness to believe what flatters our Vanity. If on the other Hand the Things hinted at be to our Disadvantage, then we ought in some Measure to be credulous, and ready to believe them. The subtle Flatterer himself is persuaded, that the sagacious Hearer will let his Insinuation pass, as if he did not apprehend it: Moreover a Compliment has always more in it than is strictly true, be it never so briefly couch'd up by the artful Author of it. Besides, it is a weak and ridiculous Thing for a Man to seem to understand a Piece

of

of Flattery, when it is so finely wrapt up and conceal'd.

*Don And.* I'M not at all of your Opinion in regard to Things spoken to our Disadvantage. For at that Rate your fine Understanding may sometimes in a single Word, or even in a Gesture find a spacious Prospect of melancholy Considerations.

*Auth.* How melancholy soever you may reckon those instructive Reflexions, 'tis absolutely necessary that we make 'em. And it were happy for us, if they were proportionable to the Instruction compriz'd in one single Word, when it is the Word of a discreet and intelligent Person. A World of Matter is comprehended, as it were, in a Point, because it is always a very delicate and ticklish Affair to remonstrate with People of some certain Dispositions.

*Don And.* METHINKS when People undertake to reprove us with all this Refinement and Subtlety, we seldom look upon the Things as told us. 'Tis unnatural to take Pains to believe a Thing that displeases us, and much more so, to make it our Busines to amplify and expound it in all its ungrateful Meanings. To make us understand a Thing that pleases and flatters us, does not require much Art; one single Word will lead us into a fruitful Field of pleasing Reflexions upon our selves. But to

make us apprehend a Thing, that must humble and mortify us, all Demosthenes's Eloquence is insufficient.

*Auth.* I CARRY the Matter farther yet, and add, that *the fine Understanding* must sometimes even divine People's Meaning; for there are some Persons that have, as it were, a Seal upon their Minds, where all their Sentiments are shut up till they perish.

*Don And.* VERY well; and what would you have a Man do in that Case? Because a skilful Physician can tell a sick Man's Pulse by his Respiration; must we be so profoundly metaphysical too, as to judge of People's Hearts by the Manner of their Breathing?

*Auth.* LET it be done which Way it will, these Sigilio's are generally seen into and discover'd at last, and the Discovery is attended with advantagious Consequences.

*Don And.* BUT it is attended with much greater Difficulties: For 'tis necessary that our Sagacity be at least equal to the prodigious Caution they make use of in measuring out every Word they speak. Besides, I rather take these mysterious Men, whom you call Sigilio's, to be so many *Sphinx's*, that speak altogether in Riddles and *Aenigma's*; and if we happen to misconstrue their mysterious, oracular Language, such a Mistake may be of very bad

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Consequence. We are not all *OEdipus's*, that we should be able to divine their true Meaning in such a Case; fabulous History mentions but one, and even he could not expound *Sphinx's* *Ænigma*, without Assistance.

*Auth.* AFTER all, 'tis not so difficult to understand People as you imagine.

*Don And.* 'Tis however very difficult to understand our selves.

*Auth.* THERE's no Man living so simple, but he has a certain Stock of Malice in him.

*Don And.* AND let him be as simple and harmless as he will in his own Behaviour, he will yet be censorious upon other People's.

*Auth.* WE can discern a Mote in our Neighbour's Eye.

*Don And.* AND yet over-look a Beam in our own.

*Auth.* HOWEVER, the first Knowledge we ought to acquire is that of our selves.

*Don And.* BUT if a Man does not apply himself to it with an uninterrupted Diligence, he'll always be unacquainted with himself in some Respect or other. That Axiom, *Know thy self*, is soon said, but not so soon attain'd to.

*Auth.* A PHILOSOPHER was rank'd among the seven Sages for pronouncing the Words.

*Don And.* BUT no Body yet, that I know of, has obtain'd that Honour for putting 'em in Practice. How many Men are extremely knowing in what concerns others, and yet wretchedly ignorant of what concerns themselves. They shall reason upon a Thousand Things, which they might blamelessly be unacquainted with, and yet never think upon such Things, as it most highly concerns 'em to know. Let 'em learn to forget the one, and to study the other.

*Auth.* BUT is there any thing in the World more blameable than Idleness?

*Don And.* YES; the vain Curiosity of those Persons I speak of.

*Auth.* ALAS! how barren are the Labours of Mankind! what an Emptiness there is in mortal Things!

*Don And.* BUT let us return from this short Digression, if it be one, to your *fine Understanding*. He divides Mankind into two Species, or general Characters; the one consists of them who naturally speak little, and the other of them who talk a great deal: The former are always reserv'd in their Behaviour, and sparing of their Words; and the latter are always outwardly frank, and profuse of their Words. Those are more apt to extenuate Things, and these to aggravate them. Now  
the

the Nicety is to know how to retrench and lop off all the redundant Glosses of the latter, and to comment and paraphrase upon the former.

*Auth.* TWAS said by some of the Antients, that Men for the most part resemble Rivers, of which some receive what others discharge, and the most calm and serene are generally the deepest. 'Tis easy to apply this Metaphor to our present Purpose.

*Don And.* THERE are various Circumstances in Things, that will of Necessity puzzle and perplex the most penetrating Judgment: For Example, when a Man entertains us with a Relation of his own Affairs, what Standard can we possibly have to take an exact Measure of the Truth by? So natural is it for a Person interested in an Affair, either to be biaſſ'd and flatter'd himself, or else to endeavour to impose upon others. His Interest alone makes us suspect him, and that Suspicion keeps us in a State of Perplexity and Suspence.

*Auth.* MENS WORDS too are more or less ambiguous and mysterious, according to the Nature of the Things they discourse of.

*Don And.* THEY are so; and your fine Understanding had need bring all his Attention and Penetration along with him: For many Artists are mistaken for want of seeing the Inside of the Cards.

*Auth.* ENOUGH upon this Subject. You are going to work upon your History of *antient Saragossa*, a History so much desir'd by the learned World, and so replenish'd already with the most exquisite Erudition. I for my Part will go and resume my Philosophy *Del Varon Atento.*

## C H A P. IX.

*We ought not to be always in a merry Strain.*

WISE Men, methinks, ascribe too much to Gravity, and our Superiors too much affect a solemn and venerable Accent; the Medium between both Extremes is a becoming Chearfulness and Affability. All Persons of good Sense commonly keep to this Medium, neither sinking into a gloomy Gravity, nor rising into a Mercurial Levity; the middle Way is now and then to be chearful and gay to a moderate Degree. As to Pleasantry and Mirth, there is an absolute Necessity to set them their Bounds and Restrictions. I don't know how we can define that Person, who sets none to them. In my Judgment, he that is always

always upon the merry Pin, is not truly and properly Man. Yet there are infinite Numbers of this Stamp, that are perpetually in a high Strain of Rallery and Banter, without Change or Intermission. Though every Extravagance in the World has its Party to espouse it, yet I can't imagine how this came to have such a Number of Partizans: For of all the most egregious Follies in Life, is there any so insipid and absurd, as a perpetual Affection of Banter and Ridicule?

UNDOUBTEDLY there are proper Seasons for a Man to be gay, and to divert himself with innocent Rallery and Mirth; but methinks the major Part of our Time ought to be spent in rational and serious Employments. In short, Pleasantry and Jesting being only the Seasoning, as it were, of Conversation, ought to be regulated and proportion'd as that is in our Sauces and Entertainments: The Use of it should be moderate, pertinent, agreeable to good Taste, and suitable to the Company. For after all, to rally a Person, is treating him as our Inferior, or at best as our Equal; 'tis by no Means a Mark of our Respect or Esteem.

AND how shall we be able to know, when these perpetual Jesters speak sincerely? That's a Point which we can never be well assur'd of. For my Part, therefore, I should place this

Species of Gentlemen upon a Level with Liars, and should open my self just as much to the one, as to the other. The Apprehension of the one's requiting me with Banter, and the other with Lies, has the same Influence upon me, which is to make me suspect 'em both equally, and never put an unnecessary Confidence in either. These profess'd Jesters generally speak without Thought or Consideration, which is a great Sign they want Understanding, since the one is the certain Effect of the other. But if they pretend to have Understanding, they are so much the more inexcusable for not making use of it by reflecting upon their own extravagant Folly. I know but one Circumstance wherein they differ from the poor Wretches in \* *Bethlehem's Hospital*; which is, that those are by Choice, what these are against their Wills. Levity of Mind produces in the one the same Effect, as the Loss of Reason does in the other: The Behaviour of those is an exact Copy of the Behaviour of these; they both live only to divert Mankind, the former with Design, and the latter without it.

WE now come to another Species of merry Gentlemen (if they deserve that Title) who

take upon 'em to scoff at all Mankind. These are Monsters of Society that a Man would shun, as he would *Aesop's Beast*, which used to express his Caresses by kicking, and his Flattery by biting. Before they have heard half of what a Man has to say, they begin to sneer and to commend it with an unsufferable Air of Scorn and Derision. And this Sort of Behaviour they call Diversion and Gaiety. But they can't deceive the World in that Respect, for they sufficiently discover and betray themselves by their own Deportment. Their contemptuous Silence, supercilious Aspect, and insolent Manner of Speaking evidently demonstrate how much they are enamour'd of themselves, that they can see no Merit but in their own Persons, and that they are so sufficient and infallible in their own Conceits, that they fancy they have a Right to pronounce decisively upon all Subjects beyond Contradiction or Appeal. Unhappy that Man, who dares disgust one of these Creatures by having the Assurance to contradict or thwart his imperious, corrosive Humour. Immediately his Spleen rises, his Gall boils up, he uses the bitterest Invectives and the most opprobrious Language against the Offender, whoever he be, tho' it were the civilest Person living, or one of his best and dearest Friends. These are your virulent Tempers,

pers, that are always ready to sacrifice any Thing in the World to a satirical Repartee, which was looked upon as detestable in Conversation by the *Roman Orator*.

'Tis true indeed this Species of Satyrists does acquire a Sort of Reputation; but 'tis such a one as makes 'em hated and avoided for their malignant Humours. Nor is this all; if they do sometimes find an immediate inward Satisfaction from a well-darted Repartee, that ill-natured Satisfaction is but of a short Continuance, and often attended with a long Repentance. Whilst they are in a numerous Company, they may perhaps have the Laugh on their Side; most People being afraid to disoblige them, and at the same Time apt enough to laugh at their Neighbour's Cost. But these forced and transient laughs often prove to these Gentlemen the plentiful Sources of bitter Tears, which they conceal from the World, and communicate to no body. Yet all these sharp instructive Lessons don't reform 'em; they still retain their violent Itch to gall and offend, and their Aversion to oblige. Such is the crooked, inflexible Turn of their natural Tempers.

AN excessive Inclination to Rallery, whether malicious or jocose, is commonly a Sign of a Slight, superficial Understanding. Even an inoffensive Pleasantry, that keeps no Bounds, is in

in Persons of Rank and Condition more particularly blameable than in other People. I'm sensible it sometimes makes 'em popular among the vulgar Sort, who look upon this Fault as a Testimony of their Condescension and Affability. But yet in Spight of their Rank and Superiority, a too facetious Familiarity will expose them to the Hazard of losing that Respect, which they wish to preserve. Their ludicrous Deportment authorizes the like in others, and gives 'em a kind of Right to Reprisals. If they will be venting their Jests at every Turn, they must expect it will be their own to hear them sometimes, whether they be pleased with 'em or not.

SOME Persons indeed are born with a wonderful Talent at true Humour and Pleasantry. If this be chastized and restrained by Discretion, 'tis then so far from being a Fault, that it is an excellent and valuable Endowment. Fine Strokes of true delicate Humour become People of any Rank or Quality whatsoever; but to indulge a ludicrous jocose Vein perpetually, and beyond all Bounds, what is it but acting the Part of a Buffoon, that's hired to divert Company, and to make 'em laugh? This is a Part that is suitable to none but a Parasite, who pays for his Entertainment with such despicable Coin. 'Tis irregular even in a Comedy to have

have a *Davus* continually jesting; to be throwing in his facetious Sentences in the midst of a Father's grave Admonition to his Son. Then what is it for one, that's no *Davus*, to be mingling his unseasonable Jests in a serious Conversation? 'Tis absurd, and will always be thought impertinent by every Man of sober Understanding.

THERE is another Sort of People that will needs be witty in Spight of Nature. These are sure of succeeding so far as to make themselves ridiculous and contemptible. If a Man does happen to laugh, when these are pretending to jest, 'tis the Silliness of the Wretches that makes him laugh. Affectation is always disagreeable, but 'tis more particularly so in Wit and Humour, because 'tis then flat and insipid to the last Degree. The unnatural Pretender to Humour has this Piece of Fortune peculiar to himself, that he's sure of hitting a Mark directly opposite to what he aims at; he purposes to make himself agreeable at any Rate, and he renders himself most egregiously disagreeable and ridiculous.

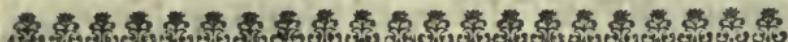
BUT there is yet another Species of true genuine Humour; I mean that of your plain unaffected Men, that have a certain Sheer-wit inimitably beautiful: For there is a great Difference between a polished refined Humour, and

and this natural Sheer-wit, that I'm speaking of. The one appears openly for what it is, an intended Exercise of a witty Talent in order to divert the Company, and be diverted. The other comes upon us unexpectedly, without any apparent Design or Premeditation, and therefore always brings along with it the Pleasure of a Surprize. The most grave Man in the World may now and then act this unaffected Part, if he has a Genius for it. He may bring in, as if it were by Chance, a few of these genuine humorous Turns, which immediately delight the Company without giving the least Offence, and are more agreeable than the finest *Athenian* Wit, if they be not rather the Quintessence of it. This natural Humour will bring a Man off, where the most refined and sprightly Wit would be at a Loss, and will compensate a thousand little Slips and Improprieties, which the Company are willing to overlook in his Favour. In short the one Sort understands Rallery, and the other does not, as it is generally practis'd; as for this unstudied genuine Sheer-wit, that's shot at Random, as it were, it very rarely offends any Body; for a Man would be ashamed to take any Thing ill, which seems rather to fall from an undesigning Man, than to be spoken on Purpose.

BUT there are some Persons of such a particular Cast, that they hate all Kinds of Pleasantness and Humour: Grave, composed Men, always serious and sedate, in whom one would think Nature had forgot to implant the Faculty of Laughing. Such a perpetual Sedateness and unalterable Gravity, is apt to make us melancholy. Yet I must own the World is more inclin'd to Respect, than to blame these *Cato's*, because they are generally Persons of Sense and Discretion: Therefore I shall make no Comparison between their Temper, and the other, which is diametrically opposite to it. Their constant Seriousness and Gravity is infinitely preferable to the perpetual Fooleries of those, that are always in a merry Strain; the latter, without repeating their other Faults, which we have mentioned already, are more cloying and tiresome than the former. But the principal Reason why we should abhor all profess'd Jesters, is, that by accustoming themselves to turn every Thing into Banter, they go jesting and bantering even to their Graves. Men generally dye as they live. *Seneca* by affecting witty Turns all his Life-time could not forbear making 'em, even when he was dying.

IN REGARD to what we call Buffoonry, I shall only say in two Words, that no reasonable Man whatsoever will allow himself to practise

ctise it; and as to those Persons that approve of it in others, either they do not consider what they do, or they deserve to be referr'd to the Proverb; *Every body loves his own Likeness.* One single Instance of Buffoonry would have been sufficient to ruin any Man's Credit with the Catholick King *Ferdinandus.*



## C H A P. X.

### *The Man of good Choice.*

**S**OCRATES thought that there was not a Man living, in his Time, who truly understood any thing; and if the present Age affords any such Man, 'tis certainly he, who knows in all Cases how to make a prudent Choice: For properly speaking, there's nothing invented now; for which Reason all Novelties, especially in fundamental and essential Things, are justly suspected. We are, as I may say, in the old Age of Time: The golden Age, which is past so many Centuries ago, was the Time for Invention; the succeeding Ages have made Additions and Improvements, and the present is only the Echo, as it were, whose principal Business is Repetition. The only Science

Science for the future is, if I may use that Expression, the Science of Choice; and yet 'tis almost as rare and uncommon, as it is requisite and necessary. We see Men enow, that have Wit, Industry, Capacity and Experience, and yet notwithstanding all that, are constantly at a Los when they come to fix their Choice in any Matter whatsoever. 'Tis their untoward Fate, always to hit upon the wrong, to resolve upon the bad, and to pursue it, whether in Point of Busines, or Literature. How should they succeed? They stumble at the veray Threshold, they set out upon a wrong Principle; 'tis to little Purpose they toil and labour afterwards; their Success will at best only resemble that Man's, who takes a bad Cause in Hand, and loses it only for the Reputation of having made a good Defence.

This Wisdom in choosing is an essential Point in all the several Stations and Conditions of human Life, every one of them requires it according to its Rank and Degree; upon this depends the Progress of our Improvement in all Affairs, the good, the better, the perfect, and the excellent; 'tis this which keeps the right End in View, and by using proper Means secures a happy Event. When a Man is destitute of this Wisdom, no Pains or Industry will supply the Defect; either he absolutely

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miscarries, or at least does not finish his Course with Honour. By what Art is it that so many Sovereigns have govern'd their respective Kingdoms with Success? Only by this Art and Discretion in choosing. They have been styl'd Heroes for having made a wise Choice of great Men for the Cabinet and the Field; for having out of the various Opinions of their Council prudently selected and determin'd upon that; which was most for their Purpose and Advantage. For one single false Step in Matter of Government draws after it a Train of the most fatal Consequences; as on the other Hand one single Design well laid, and well conducted, may raise a Kingdom to an immortal Reputation. Some Princes have been mistaken in the Choice of their Enterprizes, others in the Choice of their Ministers; and these Mistakes have made their Crowns totter, and sometimes fall from their Heads.

THERE are some certain Professions in the World, whose principal Employment consists in a perpetual choosing: Those, particularly, are of this Kind, whose Aim is both to delight and instruct. The Orator, therefore, makes choice of a plausible Subject preferably to any other; the Historian contrives to make Pleasure and Profit always inseparable. The Philosopher adorns his sententious Maxims with

beautiful Language. And every one of them, if he'll make a certain Choice, must consult the general Taste of the Age: That universal, prevailing Taste, must be their Standard; they must prefer that not only to their own, but to the Judgments of the most able Men of their Profession: For what is any particular Opinion in Opposition to the publick Vogue? The Person, who of all the Gentlemen in *Spain* was one of the best Choice and finest Taste, us'd to say upon this Subject, that when ever he gave an Entertainment, he would consult the Taste and Pleasure of his Company, and not his own Humour, or his Clerk of the Kitchen's.

WHAT does it avail to have an Orator charm'd with his own Harangue, if it does not suit the Taste of his Audience, for whom it was prepar'd? 'Tis Eloquence lost and thrown away. He himself perhaps has been secretly delighted with a fine, subtle Piece of Reasoning, which he had work'd up with some curious Turns and elaborate Expressions; but it happens that his Hearers, not at all affected with this, bestow their Applause upon a plain, unstudied Simile.

THIS Talent at choosing is requisite even in mechanick Arts, as well as in the liberal Sciences. I've seen two rival Artificers striving

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for the petty Glory of their Trade with great Warmth and Emulation. One of them work'd with the greatest Delicacy imaginable, and let nothing go out of his Hands but what was a Master-piece in its Kind; and yet seldom any of his Works pleas'd. The other, without attaining to the Delicacy and Perfection of his Rival, was nevertheless much more in Vogue; and his Pieces, though not so well finish'd, gave more Satisfaction. Now how came this second to gain the Preference from the first? Because the second excell'd in the Art of choosing.

FARTHER; this Talent at making a judicious Choice, necessarily supposes a Man to be born with a natural Fund of good Taste. But how shall a Man know whether he has this Fund in Nature, or not? By comparing himself with such as are generally esteem'd to have it. And if upon making that Comparison judiciously, he finds an exact Correspondence between his Taste and theirs, then he may assure himself Success. He's then freed from a Thousand arbitrary Notions, that perplex a Man much more than they assist him; without having recourse to such a Variety of Opinions, he may reasonably promise himself a happy Choice; the good Taste of others, which he finds agrees and corresponds with his own, is a

Security for it; the same Thing, which pleases his Taste in them, will as certainly please theirs in him. By this Rule a Man never fails to make a good Choice ; and if he happens to succeed without it, 'tis a mere Chance, which will hardly come to pass a second Time.

A BAD Taste spoils every thing in the World, as a bad Stomach corrupts the best Victuals. Some People's Taste is so strangely vicious, that they nauseate every Thing that's good, and pick out the Trash of all they read or hear, as most agreeable to their Palates. If they meet with any poor Reasoning, or weak Argument upon a Subject, that they will be sure to remark and treasure up, that they may adopt it for their own upon Occasion. If an Author of Merit lets but one Impertinence slip from his Pen, that's the only Thing these Persons will retain. Two living Representations of a good and bad Taste, are the Bee and the Fly in the same Garden ; the one sticking to the Odour of the Flowers, and the other to the Dirt and Dung. But the worst of all is, when these People of bad Taste have but little Sense too ; then their Ignorance or Obstinacy makes 'em communicate their Distemper to other People : They will needs have their Opinion set up as a Rule and Standard for others to judge by ; and such ridiculous Admirers

ters are they of themselves (as well as sorry, pitiful Authors) that they shall even be astonish'd at you, if you scruple to make them your Models and Patterns. There are others, that resemble these in some Respects only, and have a kind of two-fold or mixt Taste. In some Things their Taste is vicious and deprav'd, and in other Things excellently good. But commonly when the Root is bad, all the Fruit that proceeds from it, has a Smack of its Corruption.

A JUDGMENT in choosing, supposes likewise a perfect Knowledge of all the Circumstances of an Affair, which make it really convenient or inconvenient. A Man that makes a good Choice, considers his Object thoroughly, with all its appendant Circumstances, and in every Point of View: He's not satisfy'd with Excellence alone, it must be attended with Convenience too. For we find in a Thousand Instances, that the Things, which are in themselves the most valuable, are often the least convenient. But when Excellence and Convenience go together, from that Concurrence a Man expects a compleat Success. In order to make a true Judgment of Conveniency, he must consider Times, Places, and the Characters of Persons; and if all these relative Circumstances square and agree with the known

Goodness of the Thing, then a Man is sure he makes a good Choice.

AFTER all, whatever Dispositions and Qualities a Man may have towards the making of him an able Man in this Science of Choice, yet he will never be one effectually, so long as he's influenced by any Passion, any Prejudice of Mind, or Inclination of Heart. 'Tis Reason's Office to hold the Ballance even; and there's nothing in the World turns the Scale so much as a Prepossession of any kind whatsoever. A prejudic'd Judgment has no Regard to what is really good in it self, or what is actually expedient; 'tis altogether govern'd and determin'd by the Objects of its Hatred or Affection. But such a Man's Passion is attended with a speedy Punishment; his Success is as bad as the Measures he pursued.

LET us proceed to other Subjects of our Choice; the first is that of our Vocation or Condition of Life: This is a Point we ought to consider with the maturest Deliberation, in order to fix once for ever. If we make a right Choice in this, we are happy for the rest of our Lives; if we make a wrong one, the whole Period of our Days will be full of Complaints; the Mistake is irreparable; and this Choice, upon which the Happiness or Unhappiness of our Life depends, is made — When?

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In our mature Years? No; when we have neither Judgment nor Experience, when we scarce know the Reasons *pro* or *con*, why we take this Resolution rather than another. Besides, in what Manner do we make our Choice? Generally without consulting or hearing such Persons, as might direct us in so nice a Point by their Wisdom and Experience. After the Choice of a Man's Condition, methinks that of his Friends is the most important. We take care how we choose our Servants, though they are only for our Attendance, and not for our Confidence in the weighty Concerns of Life. How much greater Reason have we to be curious in the Choice of our Friends? To them we communicate our Affairs, and unbosom our inmost Secrets, and are oblig'd on many Occasions to make use of their Assistance: What Dangers do we run, then, if we have link'd our selves with Confidants, without a thorough Knowledge of 'em before-hand? But I shall not enlarge upon this Subject, which so many famous Authors have treated of already.

BUT wou'd it not be a great Happiness, if Parents cou'd have the choosing of their Children too? I'm not of that Opinion: For the greatest Part of Fathers are so void of Reason, that they would often adopt the most unwor-

thy. 'Tis a Happiness that Providence prevents the Choice of these blind Creatures, since the very Children that are born good, are spoil'd by their Examples and Neglect. For there are infinite Numbers of People that abuse the Gifts of Nature, as well as the Favours of Fortune.

LASTLY, where there is no Choice, there can be no Merit nor Glory. A Choice implies two Things, the Liberty of choosing, and the Art of choosing well. To proceed or conduct one's self without Choice, is a Sort of playing at Hazard, or catching at Things in the dark. Whoever then is destitute of this Science of Choice, or Skill in choosing, if he wou'd preserve himself from Errors and Miscarriages, let him supply the Defect by the Counsels and Examples of other Persons.



## C H A P. XI.

*Not to make one's self too cheap.*

TIS the Fate of the best Things to lose their Value by being too frequently us'd. At first we covet 'em for their Excellence, and relish 'em with Pleasure ; but we repeat our Visits too often ; our Fondness is all over, they're now become familiar to us, and common.

As soon as the Bloom of Rarity is worn off, the extraordinary sinks into a Level with the ordinary, and at last incurs our Indifference or Contempt. 'Tis an odd Fatality this, that the Disesteem of the most valuable Things should in a great Measure proceed even from their Excellence. For, if in Reality they had only been common, we should not have pursued 'em so eagerly, nor cloy'd our selves with 'em so much. Thus it is with Merit in any Kind whatsoever: It wears away and declines, in Proportion as it is us'd, without Oeconomy and Management. The very Source of its Elevation becomes the Cause of its Decay, 'Tis necessary

cessary it should appear in order to be distinguish'd; it has appear'd seasonably, and is distinguish'd: But thence forward it appears too much, 'tis more and more lavish of it self every Day; alas! its Date is expir'd, 'twill quickly cease to astonish us, and be reduc'd to a common Rank.

THE same Thing may be said of that Interest and Sway, which proceeds from Merit; they decline by little and little, and are sometimes irrecoverably spent and lost by too much Exercise. 'Tis, I confess, a prodigious Fault to be useful no Way; but it is an undeni able one too, for a Man to make himself too cheap, and to lend himself out indifferently upon all Occasions.

THERE are some Men so eminent for their Virtues and Abilities, that they gain the Confidence of a whole City. Every important Affair is referr'd to their Counsel, and recommended to their Interest, and the Parties promise themselves they will immediately engage in it. These Gentlemen, for their own Sakes, never intermeddle in Things of their own Accord, much less in Affairs which they have not been entrusted with; but when another's Interest requires their Knowledge, and challenges their Assistance, this is such a Call, as they think they ought not to withstand. Certainly  
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the Principle of such a Conduct as this, is so far from being blameable, that it is highly commendable; 'tis a Generosity that cannot be sufficiently esteem'd. So that what they lose on one Side, if the Success does not answer their Expectation, they gain and make up on the other. For in short we are always obliged and indebted to 'em for their generous Endeavours; they engag'd to lend us their Assistance, not to assure us Success, which was not in their Power: Yet even this Generosity, constantly dispos'd and ready to do good Offices, ought not to be practis'd without some Degree of Husbandry and Management. The very Nature of the Things themselves, in which we are desir'd to engage, prescribes us Bounds, not to mention many other Reasons, which occur to us in Proportion as the Matters are laid open and disclos'd. It requires more Discretion than People imagine for a Man not to refuse his Interest, and yet to maintain it. But let us consider another Character, that widely differs from this; there is a Sort of voluntary Tax or Imposition, which People on certain Occasions lay upon themselves; I mean the lending of their rich Furniture upon all Spectacles and Shews; which for want of being duly manag'd and taken care of, are spoil'd, grow useless, and lose their Value and Esteem.

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This Allegory gives us a true Picture of those Persons that lend themselves out to all the World, till, in short, their Service is despis'd. Being Friends and humble Servants to all Mankind, they invite every Body to make trial of their Zeal, and being Enemies to their own Quiet and Repose, they would rather go without Meat and Drink, than be out of Action and Intrigue; to commit an Affair into their Hands, is making them a most agreeable Present; the happiest Day for them, and the most unhappy for any Body else, is that in which they have not had one Moment to themselves. But as these Busy-bodies intermeddle in every thing, and take upon 'em the Management of our Affairs without Ceremony, they sometimes go farther into them than we would have them, and being rash as well as indiscreet, they plunge themselves into terrible Difficulties; and whether they stick fast, or bring themselves out, they're sure of gaining this Point, to have the World talk of them and their Exploits, that is, in plain *English*, to be merry at their Expence.

CERTAINLY, if we had nothing else to endure from these People, but the Vexation of meeting them in all Companies, that would be sufficient to try our Patience: But to hear them always haranguing upon their own Achievements, is a Plague, that renders 'em insupportable,

supportable: Besides, they are not always successful, let their Interest or Abilities be never so great: Their obtruding themselves upon all Companies, must of Necessity make 'em be thought troublesome, and their meddling in so many different Affairs, must needs make them often miscarry. And what becomes of 'em then? They have pretended to be sufficient for all Things, and they're now counted fit for nothing; they have set up for pleasing the Taste of all Mankind, and they're no longer capable of pleasing any Body's.

BUT these Turns and Changes may be traced sometimes to other Causes, as Envy and Hatred for Example, which a too publick and conspicuous Merit can never escape: In Proportion as we are ambitious to raise and improve this, those two Rivals conspire to pull it down. All such as are of the same Rank with a Person of Merit, are peek'd and offended at the seeming Inequality, which they are brought to by his Ambition of Distinction. He appears to their Eyes like a Stone in a fine Building out of its Place; 'tis indeed finely cut, but nevertheless it offends the Sight, because of its jutting too much out. Thus who-ever aims too openly at being much esteem'd, will sooner or later come to be less so than he deserves. He takes the infallible Way to tum-

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ble down upon a Level with the common Sort; nay, such implacable Things are Malice and Jealousy, that they will think it a Favour to treat him no worse.

To acquire a Reputation in the World, and to maintain the Possession of it, requires a nice and delicate Management; so backward are Men in giving their Assent to another's Fame, and so forward to withdraw it, so loath to esteem, and so prone to despise. Now the Oeconomy, which a Man should use in this Case, is to give only an Essay, as it were, of his Worth; the rest he should leave to others; 'tis their Busineſs to require farther Proofs, and when they do, he has 'em to produce; but these too he shou'd produce with the same Caution and Reserve that he us'd before, when he gave his first Essays.

THERE are two other Species of Persons, that are ambitious to make a Figure and Appearance; the first is of those Women that covet to be distinguish'd for so frivolous a Merit as that of Beauty. But not to mention the Restraints which Religion and their own Honour lay upon 'em to keep them from exposing themselves to such Dangers as they run by that Vanity, the World it self sufficiently punishes 'em for this Affectation. It generally despises them, and forms very disadvantageous Idea's

Idea's of 'em, though often undeserv'd. Yes, even the celebrated *Poppaea*, in regard to Appearances, was as modest and reserv'd as a *Vestal* Virgin.

THE other Species is of those profound Politicians, that entertain you with critical Observations and Refinements upon all News and Occurrences: Their Principles are good, but they are too full of 'em, since they have so great an Itch to be making Ostentation of them; let 'em be content with doing it once or twice, after that let 'em wait till they are desir'd to repeat 'em; then instead of being thought troublesome, they will become agreeable. The most delicious Meat in the World is the less grateful to the Palate, if the second Time of serving it up be too near the first; and if that again be quickly succeeded by a third, this delicious Food ceases to be so to him, that's accustom'd to it. We should never cloy People's Appetites; the Meat which they have thought exquisite, they will think so again, provided it does not appear too often. This Maxim ought to be observ'd much more in Things that relate to the Mind, whose Edge and Delicacy may be pall'd by one single arbitrary Repetition.

You have reason'd judiciously upon a Subject, and the People have heard you with Admiration;

miration; stop there, till a certain Interval of Time gives the Air of Novelty to your Principles. When a Man of a surprizing Merit husbands the Appearance of it, and retires for a While, by that Means he makes himself be desir'd and long'd for by all that know him; whereas they would certainly grow weary of hearing him, if he was amongst 'em every Day. A prudent Reservedness in exposing the Beauties of our Minds to View, is as necessary to preserve their Reputation, as Temperance in Eating and Drinking is for the Preservation of our Health. Reputation is the Life of the Mind, as Health is the Life of the Body.

'Tis a rare and curious Talent, to know how to make our selves esteem'd, to know how to cover and conceal a Part of our Merit, that we may always have a Reserve in our Hands to maintain and enhance that Esteem which is entertain'd of us. This brings to my Remembrance the following Story: A certain *Indian* had brought out of his own Countrey a considerable Number of fine valuable Pearls, which he carry'd to an able Jeweller, in order to have them apprais'd: The first he produc'd was so beautiful, that it charm'd the Jeweller, who was a Judge of them; the second surpriz'd him not so much, though it was more beautiful; and he was still less charm'd with the

the third, though it was more excellent than the other two: In short, his Value for the Jewels still lessen'd and abated; though every new Jewel he saw, was still more valuable, both for Fineness and Fashion. The *Indian* was surpriz'd at this unaccountable Behaviour of the Jeweller's, and could not forbear asking him the Reason of it. 'Tis true, answer'd he, these Pearls are exceeding beautiful; but the Number of 'em is a Disadvantage to them; by displaying such a Variety of 'em before my Eyes, the Rarity disappear'd to my Imagination, and consequently the Value.

LET the Man then, who wishes to be always esteem'd, husband and manage his Merit, and not expose it too much to View; let him endeavour to grow still more and more perfect and excellent in his Way, yet whatever new Degrees of Perfection he acquires, let him never use them profusely.





## C H A P. XII.

*To know how to make one's self regretted when out of Place.*

*The Author's Letter to one of his Friends.*

DEAR *Lastanosa*, if I believed in Fortune, as the vulgar do, I should believe too there were two gates into her Palace, the one very different from the other. I should imagine the one built of Stones whiter than Alabaster, and the other of Stones as black as Pitch: The one, large and magnificent, presents to our View the finest Work of the most exquisite Artists; the other, mean and low, presents nothing to our View but Darkness and Horror. There Ease, Glory, and Plenty make their Abode; here dwells Affliction, Shame and Poverty; for which Reason the one is called the Gate of Joy, and the other the Gate of Sorrow. All Mankind resort to this Palace of Fortune, and enter in at one or other of these two Gates. But 'tis observed as a general Rule, that whoever goes in at the Gate of

Joy comes out at the Gate of Sorrow; and they that go in at the Gate of Sorrow, come out at the Gate of Joy.

YES, dear *Lastanofa*, the common Fate of the Fortunate is to begin their Career joyfully, and to end it at a melancholy Period. Every Thing smiles upon 'em at first, and insults 'em at last: Even the sincere Applauses, which they met with in the Infancy of their Grandeur, serve only to make their Catastrophe the more remarkable. Therefore it is not enough that we have a general Approbation when we enter upon an Employment, the Business is to quit it with a general Regret. The Men in Place that have the Skill to make themselves thus regretted, when they resign it by Choice or otherwise, are very few in Number. How many of these Stars have you and I seen in our Country, whose Rising has been very different from their Setting? In their Morning all the Birds of happy Omen saluted 'em with their charming Notes; at their Setting they heard nothing but doleful Birds, attending their Departure, as far as they could, with lamentable Accents.

*TIMANDER* is exalted to Day to a Post of Consequence, Applauses are poured in upon him, either on Account of his Predecessor's Retirement or Disgrace, who was not

belov'd, or else for the Hopes of Favour, which they ridiculously promise themselves from *Ti-mander*, tho' they neither know him, nor are known to him; or lastly for the Prospect of the publick Good expected from his Abilities. But does *Timander's* Interest begin to sink? All the triumphant Rejoycings are at an End; and it would be happy for him, if he could fall without Noise, and compound for Silence; but instead of that he's loaden with Reproaches and Curses.

AND this is the Condition of all Honours that are, as I may say, moveable and precarious. Is an Officer of the Army upon the List for the principal Command? Swarms of Sub-alterns, either through Hope or Fear, crowd to pay their Adorations to this new Demi-God. And how long do these Homages continue? Just so long as his Honour and Command, whether the Veneration they shewed this General in Favour was real or counterfeit: When once his Office is at an End, he must not expect to escape the Clamours of a Thousand Male-contents, that had presuppos'd his Promotion would not hold out to a second Campaign.

To be turned out of an Employment is, in most People's Opinion, the same Thing as to be unworthy of it; 'tis thought to be a formal

Degr-

Degradation, and a merited Disgrace. And for this Reason the Praises they were so lavish of at first, are turned into Murmurings and Complaints. Yet the Person in Question has no Crime laid to his Charge: No Matter for that, the Date of his Employment is out; that is Reason enough to condemn him, or at least to abandon him to his ill Fortune.

THOSE that talk as if they believed in Fortune, say, she seems to take Pleasure in receiving People graciously at their coming into her Palace, and in using them ill when they go out. She then proceeds even to deprive 'em of their Friends, not only those whose Friendship she was the Cement of, but those too, whose Friendship was formed without her Assistance. Thus the prime Attribute of Fortune is to be extreme in all Things: Excessive Joy and Laughter are imprinted on her Countenance, when she declares in our Favour; but no sooner does she frown upon us, but we are presented with an Aspect of hideous Sorrow, and mournful Melancholy. But he that is prepared to see her pass from one Extreme to another without Concern or Discomposure, has the Art of not ceasing to be happy, tho' she ceases to be propitious.

THE highest Pitch of Prudence is to make it our prime View and principal Endeavour to

finish our Race well. Let us overlook the flattering Applauses of them that clap their Hands at our first Appearance upon the Stage, or if we do take Notice of 'em; let it be only to make us more mindful of deserving their Regret when we go off. Our main Businesse henceforward is to end happily; on that let us have our Eye, without losing Sight of the Goal. The able Pilot steers his Vessel by the Helm, and not by the Prow; there is his Point, where all his Thoughts center in order to compleat a successful Voyage.

SOME Persons are too happy at first setting out, not to be unhappy in the End; all their Beginnings succeed too well, that is their Ruin; the first Fruits of their Labours come too cheap to put 'em upon their Guard in Respect to the Consequences. Have they a Mind to such a Post of Honour! all the Avenues that lead to it are immediately open to their Wish. Are they desirous of being introduced into any great Man's Favour? The Way is instantly paved and smoothed for 'em, almost without their knowing how it was done. Prosperity courts 'em, and seems to run before 'em, if I may use that Expression. But the Race of this happy Species is seldom long; what they begun so fortunately, they generally end as unfortunately. And the Reason is this; too easy and

and prosperous a Beginning dazled their Understandings, and hinder'd 'em from using the necessary Precautions against the Rocks and Sands that were in their Way. All these over-hasty short-liv'd Prosperities are like Vessels or Glasses, which have their Rims rubbed with a pleasant Liquor, but soon let us find they have bitter Potions contained at the Bottom.

A MODEL of a good Beginning and happy ending is that wise *Roman*, who said, he attained to Honours before he desired 'em, and resigned 'em, before he was desired by others. These two Passages alone comprehend a perfect Panegyrick. Yet the first, in my Opinion, is inferior to the second, because Fortune has a Hand in that; whereas the other is an heroick, finishing Stroke of a consummate Wisdom. A Fall is the natural Punishment of too ardent a Thirst after Advancement; and when this Reverse of Fortune comes upon us, we have the additional Mortification of not being lamented. 'Tis glorious on the other Hand to descend from an Elevation in good Time, and not stay till we are thrown down and survive our Reputation, 'Tis a solid Satisfaction to a wise Man, that he has quitted his Honours before they deserted him: What a Pleasure it is to him, to have prevented them in Time!

A MAN may so behave himself in his Fortune, as to please even till she forsakes him, and confers her Favours upon new Objects without his having forfeited them by any Demerit. He may order his Conduct in such a Manner as to make himself regretted after he has chosen to retire of his own Accord. But let him take Care his Retirement never be the melancholy Effect of ill Success, Discontent, a Rupture, or Pique: These Motives discover a Weakness in him, that is influenc'd by 'em; being known to every Body, as they always are, they very much prejudice his Reputation, and lay a Foundation for lasting Troubles.

FARTHER, even amongst those Heroes, that we may call the eminently fortunate, there are few but what have receiv'd some Affront, some Blemish or other from Fortune. Those only seem to have been spared, whose Discretion or Circumstances made 'em stop their Career, before Glory was weary of attending them. But for so few that have escaped Shipwreck, how many others have sunk and perish'd! how many have concluded with such base Actions, as have tarnish'd their Memories for ever! *Hercules*, celebrated for so many wonderful Atchievements, at last takes it into his Head to spin like a Woman, and so cuts the Thread of his own Immortality. 'Tis not  
Pillars,

Pillars, as durable as Brass, 'tis a brittle Spindle, that he now recommends to future Ages as a Monument of his Heroism. The true Hero blushes at such Weakness: His Prosperity may possibly fail or bely him; but his Virtue never fails him, but lives to avenge the Injuries of senceless Fortune. He will never cease to be great, because he is constantly virtuous; and tho' the Man disappears at last, yet the Hero lives for ever.

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### C H A P. XIII.

#### *Reality and Appearance. A Moral Fable.*

ENVY has strange Eyes; she discovers Things at so great a Distance, that she seems to divine them rather than discern 'em: She would be glad not to see so much as she does; and yet she has a strong Impulse to see even what does not exist: Tho' she has such piercing Eyes, yet they are seldom free from Clouds; and, what one would think a Paradox, those Clouds only serve to make her more clear-sighted. It was with such Eyes as these one Day, that the other Birds look'd upon

on the Peacock, *Juno's Favourite*, and the Wonder of their Species. They saw him shining in all his glittering Beauties, display'd in various Shades and Figures: From Looking they proceeded to Admirations, and from Admirations to a furious Jealousy. For generally they that have not an Emulation to aspire after what is noble and illustrious, fall into this Meanness and Baseness of Envy.

THE Crow, the ugliest of the feather'd Race, was most enrag'd at the Beauty of the Peacock, because she her self was most shamefully plum'd; she went croaking to all the Birds, the Eagles, Swans, Spar-hawks, not forgetting the very Owls, to engage them all in a common League against *Juno's Favourite*. She always began her harangue with faint Praises, which serv'd as a Prelude to her virulent Satyr. The Peacock, says she, is beautiful, is pretty, is a Darling. But in Truth he is nothing of all this, because he affects to appear so. The finest Qualities lose their Value, when we are too desirous of shewing them: To act in that Manner is a Sort of Self-praise; and to praise one's self is to deserve the Contempt of others.

THE Swan of *Bilbilis* said nothing at all: He sung; and his Notes run all upon Pride, as the most insupportable and unpardonable of all Vices.

Vices. If the majestick Eagle, added he, were inclined to display his pompous Feathers, he would as certainly attract our Eyes, as he sustains those of the Sun. But even the Phœnix, the Miracle of Nature, scorns that Vanity, and leaves it for the deprav'd Taste of the Vulgar; and the more she detests Ostentation, the more true Glory attends her Solitude.

THE Swan sung a long Time in the same Strain; for they, who like him take Delight in Silence, can't tell how to give over when once they have broke it. His Notes prevail'd so far as to kindle Envy in all their Breasts, more especially in the weak ones, that are most easily provok'd and exasperated: For Envy always by some Means or other finds Subject-matter enough to prey upon. The bad or the good, the false or the true, the real or the chimerical, all this she equally falls upon; that is, the Evil, to delight her self with it, and to make it worse; the good, to poison it, and feed her Gall with it. What an odd, unaccountable Passion is this, at once to extract its Food and Punishment out of another's Happiness! All the Birds then resolv'd with an unanimous Consent to decry the Peacock's Beauty, if they could not entirely deprive him of it. For which Purpose they made use of Stratagem and Artifice, and conceal'd their Envy under

under a Charge and Impeachment of Pride, which they determin'd to draw up against the Peacock. If we can prevail so far, says the Magpye, as to hinder this gawdy Bird of Juno's from unfolding his proud Display of Feathers, we shall at least eclipse his Beauty. Ay, reply'd a Bird of Prey, for that which does not appear, is almost as if it were not. Learning is nothing (added some other more judicious and sprightly Birds) even Learning is nothing, if the World does not know that one has it. Things are not always rated according as they really are, but according as they appear to be. The Number of Fools infinitely surpasses the Number of the Wise; the former only regard the Surface of Things, and though the latter do penetrate into their Substance, yet Illusion, which is almost universal, gets the better of their Judgment, and draws 'em sometimes along with the Current in spight of their Understanding.

AFTER these Reflexions, which Envy, so ingenious at Mischief, inspir'd, the winged Common-wealth sent to signify their Complaint to the Peacock. The Raven, the Crow, the Magpye, with such other ill-natur'd Birds, undertook the Commission. The Eagle had refus'd it, as beneath his Nobility, the Phœnix as contrary to her Modesty, the Dove as unsuitable

suitable to her Candour. However, the Committee set forwards, and soon arriv'd at the Palace of Riches, the ordinary Place of the Peacock's Residence. The first Object that occur'd to 'em, was an *Indian Parrot*, perch'd upon a Balcony : The Parrot, without their asking him any Questions, told 'em all he knew, which was as much as they wanted. When they had learnt where the Peacock was; they desir'd a Monkey, an ancient Domestick of the Palace, to give Notice of their coming, which the Monkey did with the best Grace in the World. The News pleas'd the Peacock, who thought this Adventure would be a fine Opportunity for him to shew himself. He receiv'd this Visit from his Fellow-birds in a spacious Court-yard, the Theater of his Glory, which he then disputed by the Splendor of his Plumage gaily glittering in the Rays of the Sun.

BUT how beautiful soever this Spectacle was, which the Peacock presented 'em with, it did not succeed at this Time. The most excellent Things depend very much upon the Circumstances of Place, and the Persons before whom they appear. The Eyes of Envy is a Poison, that infects every thing; 'tis the fatal Look of the Basilisk. The Birds more envious and enrag'd than ever at the Beauty of  
the,

the Peacock, which now seem'd to insult 'em, disparag'd and decry'd it to his Face with great Bitterness. Dost thou know, thou vainest and weakest of Birds, dost thou know what has brought us hither in the Name of all the Feather'd Senate? 'Tis to acquaint thee, that we are all extremely offended at thy vain-glorious Foppery; for so thy motley Train ought to be call'd. What a vain Piece of Singularity is it, that thou only, of the whole Species, should'st display thy Feathers in such a Manner, though an infinite Number of others could do it with more Honour? The Heron does not affect to make his Tufts flutter in the wanton Zephirs; neither does the Austrich pretend to make a glittering Spectacle of his Bunch of Feathers. The Senate therefore enjoins thee to lay aside thy foolish Singularity, and to keep thy Tail tight and close: This Ordinance concerns thy own Interest; for if thou had'st a little more Solidity, and less Levity, thou would'st have known, that by striving to appear beautiful, thou disfigurest thy self with Grimaces. Ostentation is a Fault peculiar to the Vulgar; it proceeds from a silly Vanity, and that Vanity from a Littleness of Mind, which prompts 'em to contemn wise and reasonable People, who justly detest their Folly. Reservedness and Modesty, are a Safe-guard to Merit; to make

make a Parade of it, exposes it to Danger : Realities are satisfy'd with themselves, without the Assistance of Pageantry. In a Word, thou art the Symbol of Riches ; and to discover them is an Argument of Folly, not of Discretion.

AT this cutting Lesson of Morality, Juno's Favourite was confounded; however, after a few Moments Trouble and Disorder, he cry'd out, O Praise, thou seldom comest to us but from Strangers ! O Contempt, thou always comest from our Neighbours and Kindred ! What ! whilst the plain, natural Beauty of my Feathers attracts the Eyes and Praises of human Creatures, shall I be a Prey to the prating, opprobrious Tongues of Crows and Magpies ? Why don't they condemn my Beauty it self, as well as the Appearance of it ? Does Heaven, which gave me the one, forbid the other ? 'Tis a Part of Prudence to know how to appear ; to have Wisdom, and to know when and how to shew our Wisdom, is, in my Judg-  
ment, to be doubly wise. A little of the external is sometimes of more Import than the most solid Treasure that lies conceal'd. Of what Use would all the Wonders of Nature be, if they were doom'd to an eternal Invisibility ? If the Sun were always eclips'd with thick Darkness ? If Gold remain'd for ever in the Womb

Womb of the Earth? If Pearls and precious Stones were always to lie at the Bottom of the Sea?

THE Peacock had scarce utter'd these last Words, when he begun again to display his beauteous Plumage, in all its Majesty and Glory. Envy at this fell into a terrible Fume, raging and exclaiming in a most violent Manner. The Committee construed this Behaviour of the Peacock's as an outragious Insult to their Remonstrances: They all in an Instant fell furiously upon him, some endeavouring to pluck out his Eyes, others attacking and tearing his Plumage, resolving not to leave him a Feather. In short, the poor Peacock was never in so great a Danger in his whole Life; he was so horridly chill'd with the Fright, that ever since he has had that Hoarseness of Voice, which distinguishes him from other Birds to this Day. However, he turn'd his Thoughts upon his Safety, but could find out no Way for it, except what the weakest make use of on such Occasions, which was to cry out with all his Might, calling Heaven and Earth to his Assistance. His Enemies, to prevent his being heard, mimick'd his Screamings, and cry'd out in the same Manner. This Disturbance alarmed the Neighbourhood, and brought together great Numbers of Birds and other Animals:

A Lion,

A Lion, a Tyger, a Bear, and two Monkies, Domesticks of the Palace of Riches, all came to succour their commensal Friend, whose Voice they had distinguish'd from the rest. The Cries and Crokings of the Ravens and Magpies brought a Wolf and a Fox out of the midst of the Fields, who expected a Dissection of some dead Carcass or other had been the Thing in Question; an Eagle too, that perhaps had fallen short of his Prey, came and honour'd the Assembly, when he was least expected.

Now the Lion interpos'd his Authority to appease the Quarrel, and declar'd it wou'd be a Pleasure to him to accommodate it to the Satisfaction of both Parties; at the same Time commanding Moderation to the one, and Silence to the other. He had already discover'd by some Words which Envy let fall, that she was in the wrong, and had cover'd over a vile Action with the specious Cloak of Virtue: However, he propos'd that a further Examination of the Difference should be referr'd to a third Person; which third Person was the Fox, a Judge of great Wisdom and Sagacity. The Arbitrator was accepted by both Parties, and they severally took their Oaths to abide by his Decision. The Fox made use of all his Address and Complaisance to please the whole

Assembly, to flatter the Lion without offending the Eagle, and to do Justice without bringing himself into any Broil.

'Tis a Question, says the Arbitrator, 'tis a Question controverted by the ablest Politicians, whether or no Reality is of more Importance than Appearance. 'Tis certain, that very often Things great in themselves make little or no Appearance; and that on the contrary, Things little in themselves make a great Appearance. From which Proposition I draw this Conclusion, that in many Cases Appearance is of more Importance than Reality. Appearance is a Kind of Supplement proper to fill up a Vacuity or Emptiness; 'tis moreover the Ornament and Grace of Things solid and substantial: It gives an additional Value to the Objects of our Senses, and yet more to the Qualities of our Minds, provided it be regulated by a due Regard to Persons and Circumstances. Then it is becoming to shew the Talent we are possess'd of; 'tis the proper Crisis for making its Appearance.

SOME Persons in the World acquire a great Reputation and Esteem with a slender Stock of Merit, and would pass for Prodigies, if they had a little more. Now this comes to pass from their knowing perfectly well how to join Reality and Appearance together; others, on the

the contrary, that have not this Skill, always lose a considerable Part of their Merit. 'Tis therefore undeniable, and what we must needs allow, that Appearance is absolutely necessary; and gives Things in some Measure a second Existence: For I suppose a real Merit, upon which this Appearance is founded; otherwise it is but a vain Shadow, which can only impose upon the Vulgar, and is laugh'd at by Persons of Understanding. For Example, some People have a vehement Desire to signalize their Learning; and what is the Consequence? They place their Ignorance by that Means in a stronger Light, become the Trumpeters of their own Folly, and cover themselves with Shame and Reproach, which they would have been screen'd from by Silence and Obscurity.

To conclude, nothing ought to be less affected than Shew and Appearance; because nothing so much resembles Emptiness and Vanity. 'Tis a difficult Point to shew our selves without giving some little Suspicions, that we aim at Distinction. It requires a nice Management and Skill to make our selves known without offending our Competitors, or giving Umbrage to weak Minds. As the Body should abstain from all Excess, in order to preserve its Health; so should the Mind abstain from all Affectation, in order to maintain its Dignity.

and Honour; this Temperance of the Mind is as necessary as that of the Body. Merit that dilates it self too much is like a tender Flower, which some malignant Blast or other falls upon, and spoils its opening Beauties.

To give the World an advantageous Idea of us, a Word or two pertinently made use of is sometimes sufficient, provided they appear to be spoken without Design; sometimes Silence it self in a proper Way, or a certain prudent Dissimulation, will suffice: These Kinds of Restrictions well tim'd, are so far from hiding our Merit, that they illustrate it the more to such Persons as one would desire it should be known to; I mean those of a true Taste and good Discerning. Certainly 'tis a great Delicacy of Judgment to know how to shew one's Talents but by Halves; by that Means we have it in our Power to appear more conspicuous upon a proper Occasion; we rise in the World's Esteem by thus keeping a Reserve of Merit to make farther Advances with: In short, it honourably feeds and cherishes People's Expectation of us, when they find us always furnish'd with new Matter and fresh Entertainment.

BUT to come to the Case in Hand. I say, and 'tis my Judgment, that it would be an unheard-of Injury to the Peacock, to leave him his

his Beauty, as Justice requires us, and at the same time to forbid him the displaying of it, which in Gratitude to Nature he's oblig'd to; Besides, it would be utterly in vain to enjoin him never to spread and unfold his Feathers; it would be the same thing as to enjoin him not to breathe; for he can no more forbear to shew himself, than he can cease to be a Peacock.

THE only effectual Means then, in my Opinion, to bring the Matter to a fair Accommodation, is to ordain upon the most grievous Penalties, that the Peacock shall never display the Beauty of his Plumage, without casting his Eyes, the same Moment, upon the Deformity of his Feet: I'll answer for it, this mortifying, humbling Circumstance, will be a sufficient Preservative against Vanity. The whole Audience applauded the Umpire's Determination; the Peacock acquiesc'd in it; and the Assembly, at their breaking up, dispatch'd one of the most illustrious Birds to the wise *Aesop*, to desire the Favour of him to admit this modern Fable amongst his.

## C H A P. XIV.

*Humour. A Satyr.*

THE Man truly great, and truly magnanimous, is never actuated by Humour; he's as immovable as a Rock against such mean Impulses and shameful Impressions. Being never absent from himself, he constantly observes the Dispositions that stir in him; and being always Master of himself, he knows how to conquer them, whenever he finds 'em contrary to sound Reason. This Attentiveness to the Motions of his own Heart, and this Command of his Temper, are the Effects of an austere Wisdom, and extraordinary Vigour of Mind and Judgment; but as for the Generality of Men, they reflect very little upon their Humours; and I'm afraid don't so much as know them. Be that as it will, they are so far from using any effectual Means to subdue them, that they live under their Direction, and are absolutely at their Disposal. What an ignoble, vile Slavery is this? It throws 'em into a Thousand Contradictions and Inconsistencies every

every Day, both in regard to themselves, and others. They obstinately defend to Day, what they'll violently oppose to Morrow; they despise in the Evening, what they esteem'd in the Morning; Morning do I say? That's too long for their fickle Minds to rest in one Situation: In the same Hour they change from Gaiety to Melancholy; from Niceness to Brutishness; from Delicacy and Tender-heartedness to Fierceness and Cruelty; from Praises to Invectives; from Meekness to Fury; and from good Sense to the most extravagant Folly.

HAVE I ever seen People of this inconsistent, fickle, variable humour? Yes, I have seen but too many of them, and in all States and Conditions of Life. Are they not rather Chimera's? Yes, but they're living Chimera's, real, actual Chimera's; for these men unite in themselves Things, that appear incompatible, and though verify'd in them, yet hardly seem credible or possible. Being subject and enslav'd to all the Impressions of Humours, and consequently susceptible of every Disjunctive or Inconsistency, they are never like themselves a whole Hour together; they have no Stability or fix'd Situation, any longer than the Humour is fix'd in 'em; their Condition is little better than a State of Madness.

IN short, which Way are these Humourists to be taken? You'll say perhaps by their Reason. But when is it that they are directed by Reason? That's an uncertain Period, which we can't much rely upon; 'tis one of their lucid Intervals, which it is hard to lay hold on to any good Purpose. The wisest Course, in my Opinion, is to abandon and give 'em up intirely to their own Vicissitudes and Whimsies and to let 'em build and unbuild just as they please. They're determin'd and influenc'd by the Moon; 'tis she makes them speak *pro* or *con*, right or wrong, no Matter whether. Under the Influence of *Saturn* they'll deny and contradict every Thing; and as readily subscribe to it under that of *Jupiter*.

To be driven thus by the Motions and Impulses of Humour is a double Slavery; one of the Heart, and another of the Understanding; A wretched Condition, from which to ransom and deliver one's self is almost an insuperable Difficulty; for even to prevent it requires no little Pains and Application. However, we ought to omit Nothing that may contribute to stem the Torrent, whatever Progress it has already made. We should strive at least to gain so far upon our selves, as to continue in a State of Inaction, rather than act by the Suggestions of Humour. When we perceive it coming

ing upon us, we should evade its Attacks, and suspend our Judgments and Resolutions till the Vapour is over, lest it smother and extinguish the Light of our Reason. 'Tis true, we must use great Violence upon ourselves to bear up against Humour, and to stop its impetuous Current. But a Disease, that is attended with such lamentable Consequences, well deserves our utmost Endeavours and Attention. Let a Remedy be never so bitter or violent, People generally have Resolution enough to take it, especially when it is the only one that's capable of curing their Distemper.

THE Persons of this strange Turn and Disposition, that are always full of Whims and Humours, are insupportable to all Mankind. They are the Scourges and Plagues of Society; Enemies to all Politeness, good Taste, and every Thing that's agreeable to reasonable Minds; they set up for the Patrons and Protectors of any Thing that's repugnant to good Sense, because such is their Humour. Does any Man in Conversation advance a plausible or judicious Proposition? These Humourists have always some ridiculous Doubt, some impertinent Difficulty or other to object against it. Let who will speak, they are his Opponents; Adversaries always ready to defend the Negative; and for no other Reason in the World,

but

but that they were prevented in the Affirmative. If they had happen'd to speak first, they would have obstinately maintain'd, what they now as vehemently oppose from the Mouth of another. And if we do yield 'em the Field of Battle at any Time through a necessary Complaisance, we don't come off with 'em a Bit the better for that Submission. They immediately wheel about, attack their own Opinion, and requite us with a Lie for the Condescension we have shewn to their Weakness. How preposterous is the Reason of such Men! Alas! Their Distemper is more incurable than a real, downright Madness. For Mad-men will in some Sort acknowledge our Civility, when we seem to give into their Visions; at least they'll behave with more Gentleness towards us. But Humourists only grow the worse; they become the more Unreasonable and Incorrigible for the Deference we shew them.

WOULD a Man think it? There are whole Nations of this extravagant fantastical Turn. Nothing is more certain; however we shall not mention any in particular. 'Tis enough, that we advertise the World of it; let them make use of their own Observation. Be that as it will, when a Man finds himself accidentally in Company with one of these extravagant

Humourists, he's commonly startled and surpriz'd at his frequent Insults and Ramblings. But that Surprize will not long disturb or discompose a Man of Sense: After he has coolly observ'd the sudden Flights and Wanderings of the Party a little, he'll venture to accost him, to question him, and in some Measure to nettle and provoke him; by which Means he turns an unpleasant Adventure into an agreeable Amusement. And when the Humourist begins to grow too troublesome and insupportable, he then draws his Neck out of the Collar by some handsome Turn or obliging Evasion. But suppose a couple of these *Misanthropi* happen to be engag'd together; then beware how you espouse either Party; and be sure you keep your self only a Spectator. If the Champions have their Imaginations heated, as is generally the Case, and that they be upon equal Terms in that Respect, I'll answer for it, they'll afford you a very pleasant and diverting Scene.

BUT after all; I can hardly believe there are any Men upon Earth so perfectly equal in their Tempers, as never to shew the least Alteration or Discomposure. We continually see and hear Things so very much out of the Way, and so repugnant to Reason, that our Indignation will of Necessity rise up in us, and suddenly

suddenly bolt out, before we can possibly repress its first Sallies and Motions. But this is not what I call being an Humourist: Reason it self makes us incapable of hearing such extravagant Impertinencies without some Emotion; otherwise they would be authoriz'd and encourag'd to the Shame and Disgrace of our rational Faculty. To be an Humourist is to be under the Dominion and Subjection of Humours, to be dependent upon them, and to be govern'd by their Impulses without Regard to any Thing else; which I have already declar'd to be a State of Servitude and Slavery. If a Man has not good Sense enough to discern this enormous Fault in himself, much less will he have Strength and Resolution enough to correct it. Besides, this Species of People are so far from believing themselves to be what they really are, that they would not change their Qualities; they would not wish to be in the Condition of the most polite, the most accomplish'd and judicious Persons in the World. They come into a Conversation with the same Spirit, as a proud Disputant, an insolent Wrangler comes with into the Hall of Disputation. They take up every Thing, contest every Thing, and cavil at every Thing; more fierce than Harpies, they never let go their hold, till they have spent all the Gall of their virulent Humour.

And

And if they happen to have a Smack or Tincture of Learning, then they are still more outrageously obstinate and incorrigible. Then from Batchelors of a petty Science, they commence Licentiates in Nonsense, and Doctors of Extravagances. Such are the Consequences and Effects of Humour, when a Man has not Wisdom and Resolution to bridle and restrain it.



## C H A P. XV.

### *The Man of quick and happy Expedients.*

THUNDER Bolts were the Arms, which the fabulous *Jupiter* made use of, when he had a Mind in an Instant to signalize his Power over mortal Men. With these Arms he triumph'd over the Rebel Giants. Because Swiftness is the Parent of quick Success, the Eagle, whose tow'ring, rapid Flight mounts up to the very Sun, was made choice of by *Jove* to carry this celestial Artillery. Which Minister of the God of Thunders is a Symbol of great Genius's, whose peculiar Talent is an elevated soaring

soaring Capacity, and a rapid Swiftneſs in the Execution of Enterprizes.

THERE are ſome Genius's that never ſucceed without a great deal of Thought and Conſideration; there are others, whose firſt Thought is attended with Success. The latter Sort are inimitable; the former are the Models for us to copy after. *A Thing is ſoon enough done, if well done,* was one of the antient Sage's Maxims. We don't examine in a Piece of Work the Quantity of Time that was beſtow'd upon it; but the Perfection of the Work is the Thing we conſider. That is the Standard by which we measure and proportion our Esteem. As to the Time which might be ſpent in the Performance, that's a Circumſtance which either escapes our Knowlege, or ſlips out of our Memories; the Excellence of the Work is the only Thing that continues, or is certainly known.

BESIDES, according to the common Course of Things, that which is done in haste, is of ſhort Duration; and the Reaſon of its laſting ſo little a while is, that it was finiſh'd too ſoon. The firſt Fruits of the Season are ſeldom ſo well-taſted; or ſo fit for keeping, as the other; they are, if I may uſe the Metaphor, *Saturn's* tenderest, weakest Children, which for that Reaſon are the more eaſily devou'd by their

Parent;

Parent. If then, for Example, we would transmit a Work of our Understanding to the latest Posterity, certainly we ought to perform it without Precipitation. Perhaps it is not too much, to set apart one Half of our Lives for the Design and Composition, and the other Half for giving it the last and finishing Touches, if we desire it should have the Seal of a literary Immortality.

SINCE every thing then that is good in it self deserves our Esteem, methinks that which is both good in it self, and said or done off-hand, doubly deserves it. Success of this latter Sort, requires both a quick and happy Genius, which are two Things each of them of great Value, especially when they are united together. Some People reflect a great deal, and yet find their Reflexions after all but as so many Beatings of the Air, so many vain and fruitless Efforts. There are others that always hit the Mark, always carry their Point, tho' they never thought upon the Matter beforehand: Vivacity in these supplies the Want of deep Meditation; the first Thought that occurs to their Minds is equivalent to the longest Deliberation; they never meet with Surprises, are never obstructed by unforeseen Circumstances; they have a Presence of Mind, which answers the End of the greatest Foresight. In

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Conversation they intermix a Hundred fine Turns of Wit; in Council they furnish a Thousand new Expedients, which are the more surprizing and agreeable, because they evidently flow without Premeditation. 'Tis this Readiness of Genius that raises our Admiration, and makes an Extemporary so charming and agreeable. Therefore an off-hand Piece of Wit, though not extraordinary in the Kind, is sometimes more applauded than an elaborate Performance, that has cost many tedious Lucubrations: A small, inconsiderable Enterprize, effected quickly and off-hand, is sometimes more pleasing and astonishing than an important one that has been a long Time in forming and concerting.

THAT Axiom of *Charles V.* *Time and I are equal to two Men,* was very judicious; but yet it implies nothing great or uncommon; the extraordinary is to have a Sufficiency for every thing, without the Help of Time; for when we say *Time*, we say all Things in one Word: 'Tis as much as to say, Counsel, Foresight, Opportunity, Maturity of Affairs, &c. Now what are all these Things but so many Mortgages, as it were, so many purchas'd Claims and Titles to the Success of an Affair? But the lively, happy Genius, to which every Incident is an immediate Success, is like the Proprietor

prietor of a plentiful Estate, that enjoys his Revenues at his Pleasure. But farther, after Projects are hatch'd by Meditation, rang'd and put in Order by Prudence, ripen'd by Patience, and favour'd by Opportunity; what do these Projects come to? Why, very often they mis-carry in the Execution; whereas on the contrary, such a Vivacity as is here meant, lets you see Prodigies in an Instant, where the profoundest Deliberation, and the coolest Understanding, would be lost and confounded.

I KNOW People generally ascribe the Glory of these sudden Successes to Chance; but that's doing Injustice to the astonishing Sagacity from whence they proceed; there's none but vulgar, envious Souls, that will detract from the Honour of such Atchievements: Besides, this Perfection, which is the peculiar Property of great Men, cannot possibly be the Effect of Art; 'tis purely a Talent and Gift of Nature, that has form'd them of an exquisite Temper; Art can have no Place, where there is scarce Room to admit of Reflexion; the Want of Time for Deliberation is supplied by a surprizing Quickness of Conception, and their happy Genius suggests Things to their Minds, which they have neither had Time nor Occasion to think of. Then the great Man exerts that Command he has over himself to hasten and push the En-

terprize forwards, without Precipitation or Hurry; and to prevent his being disturb'd in Time of Action, he relies upon his Happiness and good Fortune, which he has already experienc'd. By the Help of these Dispositions, his Sagacity, though always equally quick and lively, becomes calm and serene, removes an Obstacle, and masters a Difficulty in less Time than a common Man would examine them.

THE great Man is not afraid to rely upon his happy Vivacity in the most arduous Enterprizes: Difficulties are the proper Objects and Food of his Genius for prompt Expedients; an Obstacle rouzes and awakens his Penetration, in the same Manner as Danger inspires the Brave with Courage.

How many People do we know, who never reason better than when they are most at a Pinch? How many that never escape an Ambush more easily than when the greatest Pains are taken to draw them into it? The more near and pressing the Danger is, the quicker Expedient it requires; such Occurrences produce a Kind of Antiperistasis in the great Man, which doubles the Keeness of his Penetration, subtilizes and refines his Wit, and assures him a wise and prudent Conduct.

BUT there is a Difference in Mens Genius's as to this Particular, which we do not well understand

derstand the Cause of: With some, every sudden Sally or hasty Enterprize succeeds well, and every Scheme they have studied and premeditated, succeeds ill; with others, if an Expedient does not occur to them immediately, it never occurs to them at all; they have nothing to hope for from Reflexion; their Hour is irretrievably past and gone; But then, on the other Hand, they have a Thousand Things that occur to 'em in an Instant; so that the Barrenness of their Reflexion is abundantly compensated by their singular Vivacity and fruitful Imagination.

IT may be said in general, that an extemporary Performance, take it in what Way you please, is often of infinite Advantage to its Author, without mentioning the Admiration that attends it. One judicious Decision pronounc'd *extempore*, procur'd King Solomon the Appellation of Wise, and made him more formidable than all his Power and Riches had done before. *Alexander* and *Cæsar* were judg'd worthy of being the two eldest Sons of *Fame*; the former for a lively, brisk Action, and the latter for a fine, pertinent Expression; *Alexander* for having cut the *Gordian Knot*, which he attempted in vain to untye; and *Cæsar* for having said, when he was once falling, '*Tis not a Fall, but a taking of Possession.*' By these two

wonderful Marks of Genius, they were both allotted in their Turns to the Empire of the World.

BUT if a quick, sprightly Repartee charm us, a rapid, swift Expedition ought to transport us with Astonishment. Such a happy Celebrity towards the Effect, discovers a prodigious Activity in the Cause, a great Capacity in forming the Project, and an extensive Wisdom and Skill in the quick ranging and ordering of the Means. Moreover, that Vivacity of Genius which animates and presides over all this, is so much the more excellent and surprizing, as Quickness is commonly remote from Solidity, Promptness from Prudence, Wit from Judgment, Imagination from Conduct, and Fire from Caution and Discretion. This Perfection however, be it never so rare and uncommon, is essentially necessary for the Commanders of Armies. 'Tis taken for granted they have it, at least 'tis presum'd they are not far short of it, since it is their proper and peculiar Attribute. In short, almost all their Resolutions and Actions are extemporary. At a Siege, or in an Engagement, a Thousand Incidents occur, which no Penetration could possibly foresee, which the Enemy had not concerted, but is himself the first that's alarm'd and surpriz'd at them. 'Tis the present, sudden Occasion, which

which warns the General, and puts him upon thinking and acting without Delay; 'tis from his quick and happy Genius the Victory must proceed.

As to a Sovereign, it concerns him to use a great deal of Thought and Reflexion: The Time that is necessary for ripening Affairs, is generally in his Disposal; the Rank, in which Providence has plac'd him, is to be maintain'd more by the Head, than by the Arm: He thinks for a whole Kingdom; all his Proceedings are so many Steps towards the Happiness or Unhappiness of his People; all his Faults are in some sort eternal, because a malicious Tradition will transmit and hand 'em down from one Age to another, though History were silent. In a Word, a Monarch's Actions are all general Actions, inasmuch as their Influence extends to every particular Person. His Wisdom therefore should never slight or disdain the necessary Counsels of an auxiliary Wisdom.



## C H A P. XVI.

*Singularity. A Satyr.*

IT was immediate Matter of Reflexion to the Wise, and of Derision to others, to see *Diogenes* run about the publick Streets of the City with a Lantern in his Hand at Mid-day. Yet this Action of his was almost generally approv'd of, when the Philosopher had declar'd his Reason for it. I'm looking for Men, says he, with a great Curiosity, and desire to find some ; but they are invisible to me ; I can find none. How ! answer'd the People ; what are all these, that you look upon ? Are they not Men ? No, replied *Diogenes*, these are only the Figures of Men, not really and truly Men. This Philosopher observ'd only that Part of the Men, which was most shocking to his good Sense, and over-look'd the rest.

IN Truth, there are some Failings and Imperfections more obvious and remarkable than others, as well as some Virtues more eminent and conspicuous ; these attract the Esteem, and the other the Contempt of Mankind. Now of

of all the most notable Imperfections of Men, Singularity is, in my Judgment, beyond all Contradiction the greatest, with respect to the Nature of it, and the most predominant with respect to the Numbers that are subject to it. 'Tis the Nature of this Fault to render a Man unlike himself, of the doubtful Gender, as it were, or a kind of Hermaphrodite, an odd Medley, or a fantastick Composition, not to be defin'd or describ'd. As to the Numbers of those that give into it, they are so infinite, that we may venture to say, there are a Hundred that do, for one that does not.

SHOULD all other ridiculous Subjects, of which the World is plentifully stor'd, happen to fail together, we should scarcely be sensible of the Loss; Singularity alone would abundantly compensate it, so spacious a Field does that afford for Laughter and Ridicule. Ridiculousness seems to be the very End that it gravely aims at; 'tis at least the Subject it works upon, and the Object it affects and pursues in all its Actions. I really know some Persons that would be glad, if it were possible, to speak some other Way than with their Mouths, in order to be distinguish'd from the Vulgar. And what is it they do under this common Necessity? Speak they must, but they are resolv'd it shall not be like other People; they

will gain this Point at least, that they'll have a Way and Manner peculiar to themselves; and what is this Manner of theirs? 'Tis to mince their Voice as much as they can, to close their Lips, and squeeze their Words, that not one of 'em may come out till it is tortur'd and mutilated. To this they add an odd, affected Tone, peculiar to themselves; they have a Sort of Dictionary of their own too, with a little Language, or rather Jargon of nice, finical Words, which they use upon all Occasions, though they're fit to express nothing but Trifles and Nonsense. In short, for fear they should be like other People, they do not really speak, but lisp and chirp like Sparrows and Magpies.

ANOTHER Species, as ridiculous as the former, is of those that become wilful Enemies to their own Tastes and Palates, which they utterly renounce and sacrifice in all their Eating and Drinking. And 'tis not from any Principle of Reason or Virtue, but only thro' Singularity, that they thus deny themselves what they naturally love. Perverse Creatures, with whom it is a sufficient Reason to reject a Thing, if it be agreeable to the general Taste. They must have forsooth, some insipid Kick-shaws of their own, which they call Ambrosia, or Meat for the Gods: The best and most exquisite

exquisite Wine they refuse, that they may swill in Bumpers of Water, which, they'll tell you, are as relishing, pleasant, refreshing, and wholesome, as heavenly Nectar. Thus do they daily invent some new Extravagance or other to distinguish and singularize themselves more and more; and it must be confess'd they do that effectually. For no Mortal caring for their whimsical Ragoos besides themselves, they really get the Character of being singular to the last Degree. However, it happens sometimes that their Appetite compels 'em to bely their Folly in spight of all their Endeavours to maintain it. But if at such a Time they are oblig'd to commend the Goodness of the Meat, they are extremely concerned the Use of it is so common. This brings to my Remembrance a particular Passage of one of the most perfect Originals of this Species. After he had drunk some old Wine, which he found was excellently good, he could not forbear crying out, *O the most delicious Liquor in the World! what a Pity 'tis, this admirable Wine is not extremely scarce! If it could be had by none but Persons of Distinction, it would be the most charming and exquisite Pleasure of my Life.*

BUT there is one Sort of Singularity (if we may call it by that Name) which ought to be  
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the Object of our Ambition: I mean that which distinguisheth us from common People by great and heroick Actions. This kind of Singularity takes its Rise from a Greatness of Soul, and an Elevation of Sentiments; in which the true Nobility and Excellence of Man consists; to wit, such a Nobility as exempts us from the Passions and Imperfections which the Vulgar are enslav'd to. For in Reality Virtue is the prime Foundation of all true Heroism, which raises us to a Distinction from the Populace; Virtue is, if I may use the Term, its true Badge and Characteristick, that which dignifies and ennobles the Man, and gives him the glorious Appellation of Hero. 'Tis by their Virtues the great Men should be conspicuous in this lower World, if they desire to be the Glory of it; in the same Manner as the Stars shed their diffusive Lustre through the Firmament, of which they are the Ornament and Glory. This is the Singularity which the great Men should aspire after, which it is their essential Duty to acquire. What does it avail 'em to be distinguish'd by their Rank, if they are not to be so by their Virtue? The more they are exalted, the more their Vices are in View; and the more remarkably their Vices appear, the more they debase and degrade them, and shamefully confound

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'em with the Vulgar. 'Tis true their Greatness will always be respected, because it is in it self *respectable*: But it will never survive the Man, unless it be attended with Virtue. The great Man and the virtuous Man are synonymous Terms; these are inseparable Qualities, one of which will never be transmitted with Honour to Posterity without the other.

GREAT People are often subject to a certain haughty Singularity, that renders 'em inaccessible and odious. But, if they would consider it, they take the ready Way to draw the just hatred of their Inferiors upon them, instead of procuring their Affection and Esteem. It is in their own Power to make themselves amiable to all Mankind: The Privilege of their Rank would endear 'em to the common People, if their Behaviour was but natural, plain and courteous. Let them but use this Sort of Demeanor, and the People will adore them. Their exalted Station is sufficient to keep up their Superiority; they need not be afraid of losing their Distinction. Besides, to rely so much upon a constant, haughty Air of Greatness, in order to support their Grandeur, is a tacit Acknowledgment of a small Stock of personal Merit. Our second † *Mæcenas* of

† The Earl of Aguilar.

Spain knew how to suit and conform himself to all Things, and to all Persons, when he was in the highest Stations and Employments. He had the Art of reconciling Majesty with Affability, Greatness with Popularity, and the Hero with the Man. He was therefore universally belov'd, esteem'd in his Life-time, and lamented at his Death even by the Enemies of his Countrey. I have heard it said of him by Persons of the greatest Wisdom and Delicacy of Understanding; that *He had the Art of being truly great, without affecting to appear so.* An Encomium more glorious, and perhaps more rarely merited than People imagine.

I now come to a third Species of Singularity; and they that compose it, deserve to be plac'd amongst the grotesque Figures of *Calot.*

'Tis the Pleasure and Study of these pretty Gentlemen to make themselves remarkable for their odd fantastick Ways of Dressing, Walking, Dancing and Saluting. Whatever is in common Use is their Aversion; Custom is the natural Object of their most violent Antipathy. To dress themselves after an antique Mode, to revive all the obsolete Fashions, all the old Ceremonies, all the Attitudes, Postures, or rather gallant Grimaces of the antient Chivalry, is without Dispute one of their most serious Occupations. Some of 'em have other

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Refinements, in my Judgment, as whimsical and ridiculous as the former. Are they in *Spain*? They're dress'd after the *French* Fashion. Are they in *France*? They follow the *Spanish* Fashion. One while Pantaloons, another while Harlequins; at other Times any Thing in the World, so it be but contrary to what they should be. They go into the Country dress'd out in *Golillio*, and appear at Court in a Band. Have we then Occasion for these Pantomimes to make us laugh? No sure; there's a World of others, that acquit themselves exceeding well of that Office.

WE ought in Prudence never to give other People Occasion to laugh at us; no, not even to a Child; then much less to Persons of Understanding and Judgment. Yet I am very much tempted to believe, there are some People that strive to make themselves mere Drolls and Buffoons for the Diversion of the Company, without putting the Spectators to Expence. Thus much is certain, they would not have a Day pass over their Heads without giving some new Proof or other of their Singularity; some new Decoration of their Persons; something or other extraordinary either for Matter or Figure. Thus one Imperfection of Man becomes the Food and Nourishment of another: The Ridiculousness of one Sort is Matter of Enter-

Entertainment to the scoffing Disposition of another.

BUT what a strange Thing this Singularity must be in the Minds of Men, when the outward Appearances of it affords such ample Matter of Derision! for some People are of such an odd Cast and Turn, that a Man would swear Nature had purposely form'd their Taste and Genius the wrong Way. Not that it really is so; but to hear 'em reason upon any Topick in the World, would tempt one to believe it. The Truth is, they take Pains to singularize themselves; and in order to that, they so constantly deviate from all common Ideas, that it becomes natural to 'em to think differently from the rest of Mankind. Their Notions are all Paradoxes, heteroclite Systems, fine-drawn cob-web Reasonings, chimerical Principles and Visions, of which no Mortal but themselves understand a Word; and 'tis much to be question'd, whether their Dreams are intelligible even to themselves. Whatever is commonly receiv'd amongst Men of true Taste and sound Judgment, they despise; and look upon it as mean and pitiful. If the Fools would be satisfied with feeding themselves upon their fantastick Ideas, or with propounding them to others, it were somewhat tolerable: But no; to compleat their Singularity

ty and Folly they will needs force them upon us, and that too with a magisterial Tone, and an Air of sober Madness: For they fancy these Airs and Appearances contribute very much to signalize their Merit, already so distinguished in other Respects. As for the Company they talk to; they don't so much as look upon them; that would be doing them too much Honour; they cast a sive Glance at them perhaps with a supercilious Brow of Scorn and Contempt.

AFTER all, Singularity is not an incurable Distemper. Is not their Reason alone, you'll say, sufficient to cure it? Yes; but, as these singular Gentlemen have so little to do with Reason, we will propose another Method, a Sort of Specifick for that Disease. And if they are not willing to be cur'd, we desire no more of them than to read the Receipt. This Remedy then for Singularity is to consider and view the same Folly in another Person, to observe and remark all its ridiculous, trivial, and insipid Circumstances. These inseparable Properties of Singularity are visible and evident to every Body, even to those that are infected with the same Distemper. When they have taken a full View of themselves in this faithful Mirrour, they must consider the Consequences and Effects of Singularity: What those

those are, the Tongues of Malice and Ill-nature will loudly declare to all that are willing to hear them. Nor are the wisest backward in publishing them ; their Kindness and Charity induce them to that good Office for the Amendment of those that stand in Need of Correction. These Effects are, in two Words, to render themselves contemptible Originals, whatever Merit they may otherwise have at the Bottom. If after this there be any one that will still give into, or persevere in Singularity, I shall look upon him as a Person abandon'd and given over by his Physicians.



## C H A P. XVII.

### *Man at the Point of Perfection. A Dialogue between the Author and Don Manuel.*

*Auth.* **T**HE Persians had formerly an odd particular Custom, which was never to see their Children, till they were seven Years of Age. Paternal Affection, tho' it be commonly so blind, did not shut their Eyes against the ordinary Weaknesses of Infants :

fants: Their good Sense had a Repugnancy to see and dissemble those Infirmities, much more to admire them, as most Fathers do. Thus did this People wait till Reason began to dawn and appear in their Children, before they would own and admit them into the Bosom of their Families.

*Don Man.* How! Did ever any Fathers deal so with their Children? Could they not bear with those Infirmities of Infancy that are inseparable from our tender Years? 'Tis no Wonder then, that a Fool is so offensive to a Man of Sense, that is not related to him; I'm not surprized that the Converse of the one is so insupportable to the other.

*Auth.* BE that as it will, Nature, though wise in all her Operations, yet does not immediately give the last Perfection to her Works; neither does Art immediately supply the Defect, be she never so industrious. Both the one and the other advance slowly to their Period, which is Perfection; they proceed leisurely, Step by Step; and 'tis late before they arrive at it.

*Don. Man.* THE Beginnings indeed of all Things, even of the greatest, are but small; 'tis by a slow progressive Improvement that they become finish'd and perfect in their Kind. Whatever is quickly at its Perfection, is of

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little Value, and short Duration. A Flower that quickly blows, quickly fades: whereas a Diamond, that is long in forming, may last to Eternity.

*Auth.* THE Process of Time, which you suppose necessary to bring Things to their Perfection, regards our selves as well as other Beings; we are not born full Men; we grow insensibly Day by Day, both with Respect to the Body and the Mind, until we arrive at a proper Manhood, to have our Reason clear, our Judgment sound, our Mind form'd, and our Discerning just, &c.

*Don Man.* UNDOUBTEDLY Man is oblig'd to attain his Perfection after this progreffive Manner. But the Perfection you speak of, is rather a Talent or Gift of Nature, not bestow'd indifferently upon all. We see some People that are past Children, that reason, understand, and have Experience, and yet are not what you call compleat and finish'd Men: They still want something, which also has its Degrees, and is attainable by some in more, by others in less Time, provided they be qualified to attain it at all. Some, we find, improve slowly in their Beginnings, and yet may possibly attain to Perfection in the End; we find others pretty good Proficients in all Respects; others again that are grown compleat and perfect.

*Auth.*

*Auth.* I SHALL illustrate this Subject by a Simile, the better to explain by what Degrees we arrive at our Perfection. When Wine is just come from the Grape, it has an insipid Sweetness, and when it is not entirely made, it has a crabbed Tartness: But when it has sufficiently work'd and fermented, it loses its sweetish Taste, has no more of that Sourness, but comes at last to a true Relish and fine Flavour, equal to Nectar, provided it be Wine of a right and excellent Body. This is a Picture of the State of Infancy, Youth, and Manhood.

*Don Man.* GIVE me Leave to adopt your Simile. The several Progressions you mention, represent those which the human Soul makes in the frail Vessel of the Body, and those Obstacles and Impediments too, which obstruct her Progress. Every Man experiences in himself that Insipidness of Infancy which nauseates sound Reason; that Sowrness and Rawness of Youth, that relishes nothing but sensible Objects, and is but an imperfect Sketch of the reasonable Man. 'Tis true, Nature seems to have granted to some particular Favourites a Dispensation of Years upon this Article. But those Instances are very rare; and moreover they always retain some certain Tokens, some Remains or other of their Youth, by which a

Man may see their Maturity come before its Season. There are others, that have a certain Sedateness and Gravity, either natural or put on, which in Appearance belies the Imperfections of Youth. But then they seldom maintain this Gravity thoroughly: They grow weary, I suppose of being what in Reality they are not, and so relapse into Levities, which discover them to be but imperfect Copies of the compleat Man.

*Auth.* TIME, you see is a great Remedy for the want of Age and Experience.

*Don. Man.* NOTHING but that can cure Infancy and Youth, which are really Ages of Imperfection in every Respect. In a more advanc'd Age our Thoughts are solid and elevated, our Understanding enlarr'd and free, our Judgment sound, our Minds reasonable, our discerning just, our Taste certain; the Heart becomes great and steady, the Senses masculine and vigorous, the Desires noble, and the Dispositions regular and wise. When a Man is thus brought by Time to the Pitch of his Perfection, he becomes an useful and necessary Member of the civil Body. He assists others with salutary Counsels, persuades 'em by judicious Arguments, animates 'em by his experimental Knowledge, instructs and Delights them by his refin'd Taste and correct Discernment.

Discernment. In a Word, whatever he thinks, says, or does, shews him to be arriv'd at the Point of human Perfection.

*Auth.* WE have a long Way to travel before we reach that Point. How long is the Soul imprison'd, as it were, in the dark Mansion of our mortal Body! Where the Taper of Reason gives but a dim and distant Light, and, though it be all the Light the other Faculties have to go by, yet shines not in its full Strength and Brightness till after a Series of dark and gloomy Years. And when the Mind, Apprehension, Judgment, Will, and the Heart attempt to exert themselves in this State of Darkness and Obscurity, alas! they do but wander and mistake their Objects, whatever Pains other People take to enlighten and Conduct them.

*Don. Man.* WHAT an unhappy Thing it is for a Man of mature Sense and Judgment to be oblig'd through Necessity or Decorum to suit himself and comply with an Age, that has so little of Humanity in it besides the Figure! His Misery, methinks, (as it is a Pain of the Mind) may not unfitly be compar'd with the Torment of *Phalaris's Bull*.

*Auth.* THE Comparison is unnatural. However when a Man has brought himself by Time and Study to Perfection, he then reflects and

looks back upon his past Miseries: He commiserates the State of Imbecility, Ignorance, and Darkness, from which he is deliver'd; he condemns his own weak Understanding, his false Reasonings, trivial thoughts, and childish Taste: He reviews with Astonishment all the Mistakes, Errors, and Wanderings of his own Heart. What a Pleasure it is to find himself superior to all this! To be no more the Sport of so many Imperfections for the Time to come!

*Don. Man.* But alaſſ! What Numbers of People there are, that will never arrive at such a Point of Perfection!

*Auth.* THAT is, as you observ'd before, because something or other is wanting in their Composition. Perhaps they have not a competent Taste or Sense; perhaps, what is still worse, they have not a competent Capacity: In short I don't know what it is, but something or other they are Defective in.

*Don. Man.* 'Tis obvious enough they are deficient in some Respect or other, though we cannot well define what it is.

*Auth.* THEREFORE Time, as I said before, is the grand Remedy; but yet it is not an universal Remedy.

*Don. Man.* TRUE; it does not plant happy Dispositions in us; it only affords Leisure and  
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Opportunity for Nature to finish what she had begun, and to reap what was of her own sowing. But yet the natural Soil, though it be good, nay, I say further, though it be of equal Goodness, is not fruitful at the same Time in all that are possess'd of it. In some, whether it be that their Education forwards it, or that it is assisted by their natural Complexion, it ripens and brings forth Fruit at the proper Season: In others, whether it be retarded through their Education, or neglected through the natural Indolence of their Tempers, it lies a long Time fallow and unfruitful, and produces nothing till the latter Season. Now this Delay is the Root of strange Prejudices, especially in those that ought upon Account of their Rank and Condition to be perfect Men. For the particular Perfection, that's peculiar to each Condition and Employment must be acquir'd by little and little, as well as the general Perfection that's proper for Man. I am not the more a judicious, able Magistrate, because I wear the Gown or have a civil Employment; no more than I am a Man of Sense, because I'm old enough to be so.

*Auth.* ARE not Kngs and Sovereigns under the same Necessity of forming and perfecting themselves by Degrees?

*Don. Man.* UNDOUBTEDLY: They are not born full Men; Men finish'd and consummate in Wisdom, Experience, and a Thousand other Qualities, that are absolutely necessary for that Rank of Sovereignty, which they enjoy. Heaven indeed generally plants the Seeds of those Qualities in 'em, but 'tis their Busines to cultivate, improve, and perfect them, in order to act like Kings in the prudent Government of their People.

*Auth.* No Person in the World then is exempt from the Care and Pains of improving and perfecting himself in his Rank and Station. The General of an Army acquires his Abilities at the Expence of other People's Blood, and the Hazard of his own. The Physician rarely recovers a Man from a mortal Distemper, till he has first sent a great many others to their Graves. The Man of Letters does not obtain the honourable Character of a truly learned Man, but at the Expence of his Rest and Health. And when it has cost us all this Fatigue and Toil to make our selves perfect, is our Perfection after all a fix'd or permanent Condition?

*Don. Man.* Now you touch the Sore indeed; you come to the sad Point of human Misery. There's nothing in this Life fix'd or permanent; every Thing in it is continually changing,

changing, either growing or decaying every Moment.

*Auth.* AND in such a Manner too, that the Faculties of the Soul share the Fate of the Body, be it sound or infirm.

*Don. Man.* By Age the Memory decays, the Wit flags, the Imagination cools, the Taste is impair'd; all the fine Qualities of the Soul, Savour of the Frailty and Infirmitiy of the Body, which in regard to them is no longer capable of discharging the same Functions. But for this very Reason it concerns us the more to apply our selves betimes to work out our Perfection, that we may both the sooner reap and the longer enjoy the Fruits of our Labours.

*Auth.* By these Advance-steps in our early Years, we may acquire such a rich and plentiful Stock of Merit, as not to be so sensible of those Decays and Losses, brought upon us by Age, as you may imagine. A long accustom'd, happy Practice and Habit of improving and perfecting all the Faculties of the Soul, leaves such Marks and Impressions behind it, as are not easily defac'd. The Memory may grow less faithful as to Names, but Things and Facts it still retains; the Imagination is not perhaps so sprightly, but Reason and Judgment understand her Flights, to condemn them-

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if wild, and to admire them if regular. The Taste may be somewhat superannuated as to the composing of brisk and lively Things, Works of Wit and Fancy; but yet it relishes what is good and excellent in others. In short the Lustre and Beauty perhaps are past, but all the Substance and Solidity remain. Yet all this while I do not grant, that even these little Impairings, small as they are, happen to all ancient People. There are a great many who maintain their Merit and Perfection to the last.

*Don. Man.* 'Tis no easy Matter to prevent and out-run our Years in such a Manner as you mean; to rise to the highest Pitch of Perfection and then to maintain our Post.

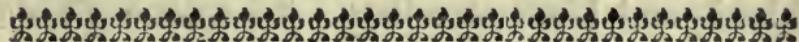
*Auth.* THE Way is from our Youth upwards to employ all the Hours of our Time, and use all our Endeavours to improve the Talents and Gifts of Nature. The Study of the best Authors, whether of Letters, Politicks, Wars or Judicature, &c. The Conversation of judicious, able Men in those different Arts and Employments; frequent Reflexion, deep and intense Thinking, Experience, Custom, Practice and Exercise; this is the Way to give the finishing Stroke to the Work, which Nature, though never so bountiful to us, did but roughly design.

*Don.*

*Don Man.* A PERSON that is arrived at such a Pitch is invaluable.

*Auth.* HE is indeed above all the Esteem that can possibly be shewn him.

*Don Man.* How delightful and improving is such a one's Conversation! And if a Man has the Happiness to gain his Friendship, he then has an Instructor, whose Principles are deduc'd from the soundest Reason and most exquisite Taste; a Guide, whose Counsels result from the clearest Judgment and most consummate Experience; and above all, a Friend, whose Heart exempt and free from all Weakness and Instability, bears him an inviolable Affection and unchangeable Attachment.



## CHAP. XVIII.

*The Genius for Politeness and Order.*

**A**RT, which improves, embellishes, and perfects every Thing in Nature, is, if I may use the Metaphor, the Parent of Politeness. Politeness in its Turn raises and establishes the Merit and Reputation of every Thing whatsoever. No Productions of Wit or Understanding can make their Fortune

Fortune without its Concurrence and Assistance. I know several great Genius's both for Invention and Judgment, that are so aukward and unpolish'd in other Respects, - that one would rather think 'em worthy of Contempt, than Commendation. Nay, the most rational Discourse, the most learned Book, the greatest Eloquence, the profoundest Erudition, all this, I say, if the Ornaments of Politeness be wanting, will be only look'd upon as barbarous Pedantry, whose mildest Fate is Neglect and Oblivion. Others we know, who, were they narrowly inspected, are no great Genius's, nor extraordinary Persons; and yet they have a Reputation and Character in the World, which entirely proceeds from a certain Politeness of Mind and Understanding. The same Thing may be said of the Qualities of our Bodies, which lose their Value, if they be not accompanied with a proper Politeness. A Man of a homely Person, if his Carriage be graceful, and his Deportment courteous, is infinitely preferable to a handsome Man of rough, clownish Airs, and an unpolished Behaviour. The latter is really offensive, because we suspect there's a certain Vain-glory in his Unpoliteness. In Truth, Merit, whether great or small, real or imaginary, is never free from Vanity, unless it be guarded and defended by Virtue.

Virtue. Now they that are most addicted to Presumption, and consequently the least susceptible of Civility, are generally those that have some eminent Advantage or Perfection of Body: Little Souls, that are afraid an obliging Behaviour would disparage and undervalue them, so stupidly and excessively arrogant that they never think you shew them Deference enough; and so indolent withal, that they have no Attention for any Thing but their own Persons, and will give themselves no Manner of Trouble in Regard to any body else. Thus Vain-glory, grafted upon Self-love, is the Root of all their Unpoliteness and Ill-breeding. Yet if they would open their Eyes to their true Interest, they might perceive that Politeness adorns the Merit a Man has, as well as supplies the Want of what he has not. There are vast Numbers of People in the World, that only by this single Qualification keep themselves out of the Catalogue of Fools. But when this Politeness of Deportment results from a Politeness of Understanding, then it is not confined to a Man's Person alone, but is diffus'd throughout every Thing about him. 'Tis visible in the Decency and Suitableness of his Furniture, the Taste of his Pictures, and the Choice of his Books, tho' he be not a Man of Letters by Profession; in a Word, it appears in a thou-

thousand Things that are for his Use, whatever Condition of Life he is in.

FARTHER, true Virtue never departs or deviates from the Laws of Politeness; she observes them perhaps with more Exactness and Regularity, than an assiduous Courtier does in his Approaches to his Prince. Her Politeness is a modest, affable Good-breeding that springs from a general Regard for all Mankind, accomodates and suits its self to all Persons according to their Rank, complies with the lawful Customs and innocent Recreations of honest civiliz'd People, is not startled to see Religion or good Manners reverenc'd, puts on no authoritative Airs of Gravity, unless at the Violation of some moral Duty; but in short makes the good and virtuous Man an agreeable amiable Character. If on the contrary Virtue be stripp'd of this Politeness, and shewn only in the Garb of an unpolish'd Austerity, in Spite of all a Man's Religion and good Sense, he will be apt to look upon her as odious and unamiable.

Now what is Politeness in Regard to all those Works in general, that are under the Direction of Art? 'Tis an elegant Disposition of the Things that are to bear a Relation to one another. The Perfection of the Whole consists in the just ordering of all the several Parts.

Parts. A Man would be a Monster in Nature, if his Head was in the Place of his Feet; and so in a Work of the Understanding, or in a Piece of Mechanism, if the Beginning be plac'd at the End, it will be a Monster in Art. Every Thing must have its proper Place assign'd it in the Order of Art, as is has that of Nature: Place it not there, 'tis shocking; place it there, 'tis agreeable: 'Twill at least be thought worthless and useless elsewhere; there it will always bear its Price and Value. All Disorder produces Confusion, and Confusion both discredits its Author, and offends the Eye. Let a Man expose to our View the finest Things in the World, confusedly jumbled and heap'd together, we shall retain no other Idea of 'em, but that of a Chaos or unform'd Mass, of which we have no distinct Concepti-  
on. Let the same Things be reduc'd every one to its Place, every one to its proper Point of View, and the Justness and Elegance of that Order and Disposition, join'd to the intrinck Worth and Beauty of Things, will charm us. 'Tis to little Purpose a great many Orators, Poets and Writers, dull and clouded Under-standings, labour to find out a Subject suscep-tible of all the Ornaments of Art. When they have been so happy as to meet with such a Subject, are they as happy in acquitting them-

themselves upon it? In order to manage and conduct a Subject rightly, they should understand all its different Parts, assign each of 'em its proper Place, give it the exact Extent that's requisite, and connect them all together with such a suitable Coherence, that not one of them could be displaced without disfiguring and mutilating the Whole. This is that elegant Harmony, which a thousand Authors, that are neither deficient in Parts, Industry, nor Emulation, either don't consider, or are not able to observe. Read their Works, you shall find Learning and Variety, elevated Thoughts, strong Arguments, and wise Maxims, yet all this shall be like so many disunited Members, or dislocated Limbs without Joints, and without Proportion. All's thrown promiscuously and confusedly together, as if it were an heap of Materials, that waited for some other Pen to put them into Form and Order.

Now 'tis easy to apprehend, that a Delicacy as to Order, is no less essential to an Author in his Sentiments, than in his Thoughts. The Rules of Art, and the Laws of Nature, are the same with Respect to the one and the other. The Sentiments, as well as the Reasonings, must be suitable to the Subject, consistent and coherent with one another, that they may

have their proper Influence, which is to touch and affect the Heart with such Dispositions and Impressions, as the Author intended. Not that a Sentiment or a Reflection, which appears single and unconnected, is always against Rule, for that Reflection may be a Sentence or Maxim; and that Sentiment, a sudden Transport. Both the one and the other in some Circumstances, and upon some certain Occasions, may be convenient, provided they rise naturally from the Subject, or at least be related to it. But then this is a nice Point; the very Thing wherein the Difficulty lies (*viz.*) that our Sentiments always flow from the Matter in Hand, as from their proper Fountain; otherwise they are but so many wild Flights in the Air, mere Wanderings and Deviations, whose Impropriety will appear to every Reader. For all People have common Sense, tho' they have not Judgment to know exactly when a Thought is in its proper Place, and when not.

THE good Taste, the Decorum, the *je ne saay quoy*, or the inexpressible something must all concur to make up that elegant Coincidence and Agreement, from whence the beautiful Order and Politeness result, which charm us in all the perfect Works of Art. But how little were these Rules, which are the la-

ter Effects of Reflection, observ'd in antient Times! In the Beginning, a savage brutal Rudeness reign'd throughout the Universe: Mankind stood in Need of whole Ages and Centuries even to make 'em perceive their own Ignorance and Barbarity. The *Grecians* were the first who became sensible of both, and endeavour'd to introduce a Politeness amongst themselves in the Beginning of their Empire. They began with the building of Cities, Temples, and Palaces according to the Rules of Art; it was from these ingenious and industrious Men that we deriv'd the three Orders of Architecture, in which the Beauty of so many magnificent Structures confests. But they applied themselves with still greater Vigour to the Study of Letters, which by Degrees form'd and polish'd their Understanding, and gave it all its Perfection and Beauty. They erected publick Academies to train up their Countrymen to Sciences, and admitted such Foreigners too, as were desirous of coming thither for Education. In one Word they became Men by knowing how to become learned and polite.

FOR a long Time they look'd upon all other Nations but their own, as barbarous and unciviliz'd.

IMMEDIATELY after the *Grecians*, the *Romans* likewise freed themselves from the Barbarity

barity and Rudeness of former Ages. Polite-  
ness of all Kinds quickly spread it self as wide  
as the Bounds of their Empire, comprehending  
the greatest Part of the World, which all  
became subject to these perpetual universal  
Conquerors. They had no Reason long to  
*envy Greece* her Arts and Sciences; in a few  
Years they carried 'em to a Pitch of Excel-  
lence, sufficient to inspire their Models with  
Jealousy. In the first Place as to Arts,  
there are still some Fragments of curious *Ro-*  
*man* Architecture in Being, which no other  
Nation has since been able to equal. Skilful  
Artists discover in these valuable Remains some-  
thing so exquisitely beautiful and inimitable,  
that it charms them beyond all Hopes of at-  
taining to an equal Perfection. They are forc'd  
to say of them, as the greatest Encomium that  
can be given, 'tis the Work of the antient *Ro-*  
*mans*. We have likewise some of their Statues,  
whose excellent astonishing Workmanship will  
both immortalize the Artists that made them,  
and the Heroes they represent. Their Money  
too was struck with such a Stamp, as shews  
that an universal good Taste prevail'd amongst  
them, and that every particular Thing bore the  
Signet and Impress of it.

THE famous Closet of my illustrious Friend  
*Don Juan Laftanosa*, is a kind of *Aſylum* to

great Numbers of these *Athenian* and *Roman* Curiosities. There you see Medals, Coins, Statues, Urns, and a Thousand other Rarities of Antiquity; Works, which all modern Founders and Sculptors will always admire, and leave the Reputation of being the Masterpieces of Art in their everlasting Possession. Yes, 'tis at this Friend's House you will find the Treasure of Antiquity, on Account of the many Monuments of it which he preserves; and the Honour of *Arragon*, on Account of his own fine Talents, which you'll find capable of satisfying the most critical and insatiable Curiosity. In the Works of this excellent and uncommon Genius you'll meet with all the elegant Taste and polite Learning of the Anti-ents.

BUT tho' the *Romans* improv'd and embellish'd Art to this last Degree of Perfection, which we vainly strive to come up to, yet that was but an appendant Circumstance, as it were, of their Merit. 'Twas in Literature their true, their essential Glory consisted. In their Authors of the first Clas a Man can never be weary of admiring the natural Concatenation and Coherence of their Thoughts and Sentiments, their clear resplendent Reason, their sound and strong Judgment, their fruitful and regular Imagination: There you see the solid,  
the

the sublime, the beautiful, the bright, and the true fine Genius, the just indisputable Taste, the *je ne sçay quoy*, the inexpressible peculiar Charm in every Kind of Writing, that exact Point of Perfection, which leaves nothing to be wish'd for, which imposes Silence upon all the *Zoilus*'s and *Aristarchus*'s, all the carping Censors and Criticks in the World. And tho' antient *Rome* be now no more, yet *Rome*'s Politeness in Arts and Literature in some Measure survives; the best Part of it still subsists to this Day; every Nation has inherited, preserv'd and cultivated its Share.

*ITALY* is distinguish'd for the Delicacy of its Pencil and Chizel, for the Magnificence of its Buildings, the regular Beauty of its Cities, and her Genius for Policy and Government. In *Spain* we are more diligent to adorn our Minds than our Cities; tho', I confess, that Negligence is no Matter of Commendation; for, I think, all Unpoliteness whatsoever, even in Things of the smallest Consequence, is always a Fault. *France* is the Center of Politeness in every Respect; there Arts and Sciences are in Vogue and Reputation; there they are cultivated and improv'd every Day: Even their Nobility, who are polite to the last Degree in their Manners and Behaviour, both delight and make great Proficiency in polite Learning;

they are convinc'd, that Knowledge can never be prejudicial, but is always of Use, whatever Station a Man is in, or whatever Profession he is of. Amongst great Numbers of learned Men of that Nation, I know one Gentleman in particular, that has all the good Taste and Genius imaginable, as is evident from his two Libraries, one of which consists of an excellent Collection of the best Authors, and the other of his own Writings and Performances. This illustrious Scholar I speak of is Monsieur Filleau, Canon of the Cathedral Church of Toulouse.

BUT to return; Instruction and Delight are the Fruits of Politeness and Order. After a Man has made a good Choice of Flowers and Plants, that which compleats the Usefulness and Pleasure of his Garden, is the Disposition and Cultivation of those Plants and Flowers. The same Thing may be said in some Sort with Respect to every Production of the Understanding. After a judicious Choice of the Subjects and Materials, that, which both delights and instructs, is the Order and Politeness observ'd thro' the whole. But there are some People exact and elegant in their Nature, that are less indebted to Art, than the rest of Mankind, and generally observe Order and Politeness in all they do. Not the least Negligence

gence slips from them in any of their Works, nor the minutest Impropriety in any Thing whatsoever. Their Discourse, their Actions, Manners and Behaviour are always accompanied with an easy, natural and graceful Air. *Alexander*, according to *Quintus Curtius*, was a great Lover and a most rigid Observer of Order, even amongst his Troops; they were more like Ranks of formal Senators, says that Historian, than Files of fiery Soldiers.

There are others on the contrary, that are naturally perplex'd and confus'd, and consequently will never be capable of Politeness and Order, which require a great deal of Attention and Exactness. Their Words are thrown at Random without Coherence; their Ways and Manners negligent, unpolite and rude; whatever comes from them as a Production of their Understanding is without Taste or Choice, Rule or Form. In short Politeness, as it is inseparable from Order, supposes a larger Capacity than perhaps People imagine; in my Opinion, it requires a nice and comprehensive Judgment to give every Thing an apposite, well-plac'd Elegance in its Kind. This Politeness, if we may believe the Story, was the first Step, by which *Taycosama* ascended to the Throne of *Japan*. This Fact will deserve the more Credit, if we consider, what is cer-

tainly true, that the Japanese are the most polite and regular People in the World. It was remark'd of this *Taycosama*, who was a Domestick to one of the Court-Lords, that he had a singular Elegance in his Discourse, and a wonderful Genius for Order, which exceedingly set off the meanest and commonest Offices of his Function. These Talents insensibly induc'd People to think, that *Taycosama* was born for something better than Servitude; and these Prepossessions in his Favour still increas'd, of which he was not ignorant.

At Length by a strange Turn and Revolution of Fortune, the Domestick in Competition with his Sovereign carry'd the Day; and so became Lord and Master by Means of those first Prejudices in Favour of his Merit.

This is a Picture of compleat Order and Politeness in all Respects. 'Tis that which the Graces drew, after they had seen a Model of it in the Person of the Count *d'Oropesa*, the most polite, the most affable, the wisest, and most accomplish'd, and in a Word, the compleatest, finest Gentleman of the Age he liv'd in.



## C H A P. XIX.

### *The judicious and critical Man.*

*MOMUS*, be it spoken without Offence, did not Reason like a God, when he desir'd to have a little Window made into the Heart of Man! 'Twas Fancy, not Reason, that induc'd him to make this idle Wish. He should have consider'd, that there are *Lynceus's* amongst us Mortals, who with their own Eyes can penetrate to the Bottom of the human Soul. No; there's no Necessity, that Mens Hearts should be made transparent for us to see into them. A Man may find out a Key; he may open it and enter in by the force of judicious Reflexions. .

A Man of Judgment and critical Discernment, which are two Qualities more rare and uncommon than is generally thought, easily becomes Master of the Object, he applies himself to. He is an *Argus* at Observation, and a *Lynceus* at Penetration, His piercing Attention quickly sounds a Man's Bottom; his great Insight, by Degrees, discloses all his Foldings, Windings and Recesses; his Judgment

ment equitably Measures the Extent of his Capacity ; and his unbiaff'd Integrity makes a Decision without Prejudice or Partiality, either for or against him. Before these Eyes the Impostor strives in vain to mask his Knavery, and the Fool to conceal his Ignorance under the Cloak of Gravity and Silence. Both the one and the other are quickly seen into, fathom'd and detected.

EVERY great Man has a great deal of Judgment and critical Discerning ; and whoever has a great share of both these, will always be a great Man. For the excellent Qualities of the Soul are generally united and go together, when a Man possesses any one in an eminent Degree. Reflexion is an essential Part of that superior Merit I am speaking of; but that is not sufficient of it self. For an ordinary Genius is often capable of much Reflexion. That, which I require then, is a Penetration of Judgment, that searches and pries into the very Bottom of Things, anatomizes, as it were, their several Parts, and thoroughly views their Combination and Contexture; and a critical Justness of Estimation that rates them according to their exact Value, and gives 'em their due Portion of Esteem or Contempt. To this End a Man must first of all distinguish well between Reality and Appearance. The one so often substitutes

stitutes it self into the Place of the other in order to impose upon us, or resembles the other so much without endeavouring to deceive us, that it is very easy to mistake the one for the other. But the great Man does not suffer himself to be impos'd upon, or influenc'd by Appearances. On the contrary he knows how to act superior to their Suggestions, to set aside their Impressions, and to give his Judgment abstracted from their Influence. He, not at all mov'd with a superficial out-side Beauty, which dazzles vulgar Minds, lays hold upon the Substance, and rests there. He considers the Thing in it self, and makes it pass the Judgment of his critical Tribunal, in order to separate the false from the true.

IT belongs to Genius's of this Class to study and to know Men, because 'tis their peculiar Happiness to have Talents fit for that Purpose. They can trace and pursue a Man's Character and Nature Step by Step; and when they have once reach'd that, they'll come to the rest without much Difficulty; that is, with this fundamental Knowledge of the Man they'll penetrate even into his Views and Designs, or at least they will draw such Conclusions, and form such strong Conjectures, that they shall rarely be mistaken in the Event. In short is not the natural Temper of every one

one of us the Spring that sets us a going, especially in regard to Things we are most interested in, or concern'd about? Thus when a Man has the Sagacity rightly to hit and discover our Nature, he perceives by our Proceedings what 'tis we have in our Minds and Intentions.

IT was this understanding of Characters, that made *Tacitus* and *Seneca* so eminent and famous. The one confin'd himself to the Knowledge of particular Persons; the other took a larger Scope, and aim'd at the general Knowledge of Mankind. This is undoubtedly that Talent, which is least of all compatible or consistent with ordinary Understandings. And they, for whom it is reserv'd, are worthy to be register'd in the Catalogue of the Wise. The Generality of Men are commonly clear-sighted enough in some certain Things; because Ill-nature will sufficiently enable them to discover them. But are they for that Reason the more judicious? No; some of 'em indeed will talk upon every Subject. But do they apprehend what they say? No. They have got a certain Rote by the frequent Hearing of the same Things discours'd of in their daily Conversation: This furnishes 'em with proper Terms, which they repeat without well understanding their Meaning. They fathom nothing;

thing: They don't examine the Relation one Thing bears to another: They don't distinguish between Truth and Shadow, Reality and Appearance; but resting superficially upon the Bark, as it were, they peremptorily pronounce the Tree to be good or bad.

BUT when and upon what Occasions is it, that this whole Talent of knowing Men is exerted and display'd? 'Tis when two adepts of this Kind attack one another upon equal Terms, mutually resolving not to quit, till they have graz'd at least upon some Part or other. What dexterous Artifice and Management on both Sides, in order to sound one another! What subtle Fetches, and delicate Efforts to get the first Hold! What Wariness and Circumspection in their Words, all number'd and measur'd, as it were, with a Compass! What Vigilance, Attention, and artful Contrivance in their Reasonings, Sentiments and every Thing else! And yet it is not a Word or a Hint, which happens to fall, that will fix their Judgment. Their curious and critical Wisdom must have stronger Proofs, better Securities than these first Essays, in Order to be assur'd of their Bottom, when they're endeavouring to penetrate the Character of a great Man. Such small Hints and Essays are too equivocal, ambiguous, and uncertain.

THERE'S

THERE'S none but superficial presumptuous People, that decide upon a Character from such slight Indications. They don't consider, that these are only imperfect Sketches, which represent nothing; like Common-place in a Discourse, that points out no particular Person; or like general Circumstances that suit with every Body, but characterize no Body in particular. These weak Judgments fall by this Means into a thousand gross Mistakes in their Conduct, and are daily bubbled by those whom they know perfectly well in their own Conceit.

PROFOUND Genius's always aim at two essential Points, which certainly lead 'em to a thorough Knowledge of their Object. They remark, as we said before, both the Reasonings and Sentiments of their Man. These they weigh, compare, and put together at their Leisure, and in private. For the proper Merit of every particular Man results equally from his Understanding and his Heart, cast and turn'd in such a Manner, as is peculiar to him, and distinguishes him from others. Moreover in Proportion as a Character is the more difficult to be understood, by Reason either of the Depth or the Inconstancy of the Subject, they suspend their Judgments, and doubly exert their Attention, Vigilance and Criticks. They trace

and

and pursue the Character, till they have fully and exactly discover'd it.

HAPPY is that Man, who has one of these profound Scrutinizers in the Number of his Friends; for it must be upon the Assurance of a staunch and well-try'd Friendship, that they open and communicate their Minds and Sentiments. They are infinitely reserv'd and cautious in their Discourse; and that, which they're quick at finding out, they are very slow at revealing. They have likewise another Maxim, which is to speak in the ordinary Language and Way of the People, tho' they think in a very different Manner. But when they are well assur'd of the Discretion of a solid Friend, then they explain and unbosom themselves without Reserve. How many Things do they disclose and communicate, that he was ignorant of before! what a copious Intelligence do they afford him! They assign to every Man his proper Attribute, to every noble Exploit its just Merit, to every ingenious Performance its true Value, to every Action its exact Worth, and to every Motive its proper Qualification and Character. How prodigiously is a Man surpriz'd to find that nothing has been able to deceive them! that neither the most dissembling hypocritical Spirit, nor the profoundest unfathomable Temper has been a suf-

a sufficient Rampart against their Penetration! He admires the Extent of their Attention, the Vigour of their Apprehension, the Wisdom of their Reasonings, the Depth of their Reflections, and the Justness of their Discernment and Observations. He's astonish'd to find that, of the infinite Variety and Multiplicity of Things which have occur'd to them, there is not one but what they have rightly hit and judg'd of, and what every body must approve of after them, that has any Understanding.

EVEN the truest and best-grounded Merit trembles in the Presence of these First-rate Judges. A Man's Self-sufficiency sinks at the Sight of them; his Complacency in himself lessens immediately; his Self-love is humbled, silenc'd and chill'd, because he is sensible what Tribunal he stands before. In short, the critical Exactness of these clear-sighted Judges is, as it were, the Touchstone of Merit. A Man's sure of having, at least of deserving an universal Esteem, if he has been able to stand this Test. One Suffrage of such Weight is a stronger Attestation of his Merit, than the general Approbation of a whole People (properly so call'd) either in Point of Learning or Politecks. 'Tis true, the last is more diffusive; but will it be more permanent and lasting? 'Tis very often nothing but the fantastick Effect

fect of a sudden suggested Applause, quickly toss'd from Hand to Hand without their knowing why, or how. But this Chance-reputation, this arbitrary mercenary Esteem having no Foundation, quickly belies and destroys it self, and the ador'd Idol Infallibly falls into Disgrace: I repeat it again; the Approbation of one single, penetrating critical Man is always preferable to, and will sooner or later prevail over all the Acclamations of vulgar Mouths. To such a Man alone, for Example, an Author may ascribe his whole Reputation; as *Plato* did, who call'd *Aristotle* his whole Academy; and as *Antigonus*, who call'd *Zeno* the Theater of his Fame.

BUT to support and maintain the Character of a judicious Critick, it is not sufficient that he has all the foremention'd Perfections, he must moreover continually guard and preserve himself from these three Failings and Imperfections, *viz.* too nice a Refinement in his Penetration, Levity in his Judgment, and Instability in his Principles. He must not squeeze more Intelligence out of a Thing, than it really affords; to go farther is to give into Chimera. He must never pass his Judgment till he has well weigh'd and consider'd the Matter, be he never so discerning: For a Judgment at Sight, or off-hand, runs the Hazard of missing

the Mark in a thousand Occurrences. Lastly, he must not vary in his Principles, because they are, or should be, certain. To depart from them, or to remit any Thing of them, is Treachery against Reason: 'Tis a Weakness that confounds us with the fickle Rabble, and throws us into the Slavery of Complaisance or Prejudice.

HERE we are to observe, that there is a wide Difference between the critical and the satirical Genius. The Man who sets up for a Satyrift, from that Instant makes a Vow of Malice and Ill-nature; whereas the Critick has no other Arm but to distinguish Truth from Falshood. The one neither speaks nor writes but to revile; and the other only to instruct. The one blames the good, almost as often as the bad; the other always renders the Justice that's due both to good and bad. Therefore far be it from me to pretend that the Critick must be ill-natur'd, tho' I would have him very clear-sighted. These two Characters are far from being inseparable. If he be penetrating, as I desire him, he will not approve of every Thing; in that he would cease to be what I suppose him: Neither will he for the same Reason condemn every Thing, for then he would become an *Aristarchus*.

THERE

THERE are some People that hunt after all the bad that is to be found in every Thing they meet with. They gather and pick it out amongst the Good, from which they carefully separate it, that they may have nothing but a pure Stock of Evil to work up into Mischief against Mankind: Vipers, that breath and exhale nothing but Gall! Publick Pests, which every City in the World, as soon as it knows they are within its Walls, ought instantly to spue out. To these ulcerated malignant Spirits, I oppose judicious Criticks without Venom, and without Passion. These latter are the Depositories of what is good and true. 'Tis the Office of these equitable Judges to understand it, and to impose it upon others as a Law. They are, its true, very reserv'd, lest they should commit Truth to Ignorance, which would be never the better for it; to Malice, which would poison it; or to Indiscretion, which would publish it perhaps impertinently or unseasonably. But when these wise and able Men, free from all Fears and Doubts, mutually communicate their Knowledge to one another; their Conversation is then worthy to be engraven in the Temple of Memory, worthy of the Muses, the Graces, and Minerva..

THIS critical Faculty, so glorious to Reason, so necessary in our Conduct, and so advan-

tageous to Learning, is an essential Quality to those that are design'd for Government. 'Tis the Light which directs them to the Talents suitable to the various Employments; the Standard, by which they measure the Extent of those Talents; the Scales, wherein they weigh People's Services in Order to adjust and proportion their Rewards; the Touch-stone, by which, on nice Occasions, and in delicate Circumstances, they try the Fidelity and Attachment of their Dependants and Inferiors. Thus the great Men place every one, where he ought to be; because they know his Strength and his Weakness, the much or the little, that Experience will enable him to perform. With them an Affection for a Subject, or a Servant, is never the Motive of raising him to a higher Rank. Choice alone, founded upon the Congruity between the Person and the Rank, determines them. They are always guarded against Passion and Surprize, those two fatal Rocks to Civil Government. To be surpriz'd is to be deceiv'd by others; to act by Passion is consenting to deceive our selves. The one is the Want of Fore-sight, the other is Weakness: A double Unhappiness, which a steady vigilant Reason is a Stranger to.

O how valuable is this Talent, this clear, penetrating Reason, purg'd from all Passion, free,

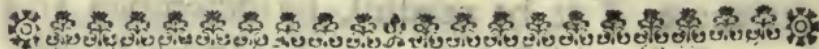
free, independant, superior to all Impressions of the Senses, which impose upon weak and ignorant Men in their Judgment and Estimation of every Thing in the World! Truth then discovering it self openly and without a Veil, he sees it immediately, and cleaves to that only. Not but he may sometimes find in himself a certain Affection for some particular Object, that is not unworthy of it. But then that Affection does not bias his Reason to that Side, at least it never over-rules it. He curbs and restrains the Affection, be it never so reasonable or well-grounded, least it should grow otherwise by imperceptible Degrees. He does yet more, if it be needful, he dissembles and conceals it, as a Secret not to be disclos'd without ill Consequences.

As to private Persons, their Affections, or rather Friendships, may appear openly without any bad Consequence, amongst honest People, as I suppose them to be. But the Choice of our Friends is still another important Object, and another considerable Advantage of a critical Understanding. To avoid Repetition upon this Article, I shall only lay down this general Principle, *That in the Case of Friends the Refuse and Trumpery is so numerous, that we have only a few left to chuse*

out of: And in this chusing and culling, we have Occasion for all our Wits and Abilities.

THERE is a certain Game, at which the Success depends very much upon our Skill in Discarding; the same Art will enable us to succeed in the Choice of our Friends.

ALL this Discourse is but a faithful Abridgment of the frequent Conversations I have had with the Duke of *Ixar*, Heir to the admirable Qualities of Body and Mind, that are peculiar to that illustrious Family. I do but repeat after that Oracle of Understanding.



## C H A P. XX.

### *The pretending Coxcomb. A Satyr.*

WHAT an excellent Master was that Philosopher who began his Instructions by teaching his Disciples to un-learn. *Forget what you know*, was the first Axiom he deliver'd to his Pupils. Such an Ignorance as he intended is certainly of as much Importance as Knowledge. The Meaning then of this seeming Paradox of *Antisthenes* is, that we should be immediately apply our selves to unlearn the

Lessons

Lessons of Vice, that we may be the more capable afterwards of learning the Lessons of Virtue, that we should instantly divest ourselves of our Imperfections, in Order to become the more susceptible of Perfections.

UNDOUBTEDLY 'tis a very commendable Thing to aspire after the noblest Attainments, and the most illustrious Perfections; but, in my Opinion, 'tis yet more laudable and glorious not to fall into mean Faults and vulgar Imperfections. Any one of those Imperfections is sufficient to eclipse the most shining Qualities, whilst all those united together would not be able to cover or deface that single Imperfection. One ugly Feature in the Face of the handsomest Man living, will go nigh to disfigure all his other Features, tho' never so fine and regular, and to bring upon him the lamentable Character of being one of Nature's Favourites in Disgrace.

I CONFESS a moderate Share of Wisdom will easily preserve us from gross and scandalous Enormities. But that is not the Case with many other Vices, which assume an Air of Merit, and are countenanc'd and authorized, as it were, by the Examples of Men of Reputation and Figure. The vain-glorious Coxcomb is one of these Graduates, (if I may use that Metaphor) who prides himself in a

dignified Imperfection. This is a Vice that insinuates it self into the Learned, into Armies, into Preferments and Posts of Honour, and even into the Bosom of Virtue it self. It steals into the very Hearts of those that are almost the Heroes of the Age; but from that Moment they forfeit their Title to that glorious Distinction.

THE general Character of the Coxcomb is to be more ambitious of having, than of deserving Praise; to arrogate to himself the Merit, which he has not, and to magnify to Excess the little, which he has; to be puff'd up and elated with the smallest trifles, a certain Sign that he was not born for any Thing great. He is like a weak Stomach, which is so far from being able to digest a strong substantial Food, that it is swell'd and blown up with the lightest Victuals. But let us proceed to the Consideration of Particulars, in which perhaps it will not be possible to avoid all Repetition because of the near and fundamental Resemblance in the Features; or otherwise the pretending Coxcombs must not be drawn to the Life.

THE first Species is of such, as I shall call busy, officious Coxcombs; because they are out of all Place, Employment, Title or Busines. These are restless, turbulent Creatures, always abroad,

abroad, always pretending to a Multiplicity of Affairs, when in Truth they have fewer than any Body else ; for a Man's afraid to trust them with an Affair of any Importance, because naturally they are not over and above scrupulous in Point of Secrefy ; neither does he think them capable of managing it, because they're not of an orderly, regular Disposition ; in short one would not employ them upon any Account in the World, because they are equally humble Servants to all Mankind. But 'tis to little Purpose, that you discharge them from all Busines ; they will be never the quieter for that, nor appear the less busy and full of Employment. It is writ in the Almanack of their Lives, that they'll run every Day in the Year after an Occasion of appearing Men of Consequence and Importance. They fatigue and torment themselves more in the Pursuit of this Opportunity, than an incens'd Creditor would do to obtain Judgment against a villainous Debtor. If any trivial Affair drops by Accident into their Hands, they are blown up and ready to burst with Vanity. Wo be to that Man, who dares pretend to Busines in their Company. And this Nothing of theirs, which they pretend to be employ'd in, and which they'll take care not to mention, is always a Matter of the greatest Consequence. They magnify it

it with a thousand Circumstances, and perplex it with a thousand Incidents and Difficulties, which they speak of in extravagant bombast Terms, and which (as they would make you believe) require the utmost Skill and Dexterity to unravel and bring to a good Issue. Mere Camelions, that feed themselves only with Air! Triflers, whose only Business is to go about begging of Praise, and whose only Portion and Acquisition is the Contempt of Mankind!

A vain Man, that is fond of Praise and Commendation is a Fool, and that's all; but a Coxcomb that extols himself and celebrates his own Praise, is both a Fool and a Fop at the same Time. The former is not disagreeable to all People, because he has a Sort of Modesty and Moderation in his Behaviour, which the second is entirely void of. Moreover he has the good Manners to return the Praise he receives, and to repay it with Interest. The other on the contrary is disagreeable and offensive to every Body. He's not satisfy'd with usurping and arrogating to himself all those Qualifications and Endowments, which every one knows he's destitute of; but he will likewise dispute them away from others, and deprive them of the good Qualities, which they are really possess'd of. Where are all the Hissers of the Pit? Let them be heard aloud for a

Personage

Personage so worthy their Consorts ; let the Houtings of the Galleries join their shrill Accents ; let the whole Audience point at him, and hiss him from the Stage for ever.

THE wise Man endeavours to acquire Merit, not to affect it. If he be blam'd, he does not much regard it, provided it be without Cause ; if he be commended, he is not affected with it, when it is without Reason ; and if it be upon good Grounds, he looks upon the Encomium no farther, than as it is a sincere Testimony of the Truth. With that indeed he is affected ; and why ? Because a just and true Praise animates and encourages him, and serves him as a Rule to proceed by in the Discharge of his Function. But the boasting, pretending Coxcomb renounces all Glory that must be gain'd by Merit, and hunts only after the Tribute of it, which is Praise.

AFTER all this, it is not difficult to perceive from what Origine the Coxcomb's vain-glory proceeds ; a Littleness of Soul, and a Meaness of Heart are the Sources of it, though some Persons are willing it should be deriv'd from a less contemptible Extraction.

So all Originals are not the Product of *la Mancha* : Every Climate, every State and Condition has its own : And the pretending Coxcombs in particular are infinitely beneath *Cervantes's*

vantes's Hero ; for he was at least a Person of Courage. Now to come to the Coxcombs in Bravery. The modern *Don Quixots* have the ill Property of the antient one, which was his chimerical Humour ; but not his good Quality, which was his Valour and Bravery. But let us lay aside Romance and consider Realities. Who can number the Coxcombs of the Sword? There are *Phalanxes* and Battalions of 'em as numerous and formidable to the Eye, as the ancient *Roman Legions*. But these swaggering Blades in Effect are only terrible by their everlasting Relations of their own spurious Prowess, with which they plague and overwhelm us. They never open their Mouths but they enlarge upon that Head with all the big thundering Words and insolent Airs imaginable, and with as much Audaciousness and Assurance, as if we were bound on Pain of Death to believe them. One while 'twas in such a Skirmish, another while in such a Battle, another at such a Siege they signaliz'd themselves so gloriously. March, Halt, Encampments, Retreats ; every Trifle they magnify and work up into famous Exploits and Triumphs, in which they themselves undoubtedly had the largest Share. To what Purpose do all these ostentatious Recitals serve? Why; they let us see that these Braggadochio's do not

so much pursue Honour it self, as the Phantom of Honour; their Delight is not in glorious Actions, but in the vain Pleasure of boasting of such, as they never atchiev'd. Thus it is, that so many bullying hectoring Blades have no other View but to be thought Men of Courage, that they may praise themselves, and be praised by others. An Occasion that has no Danger in it, is exactly pat for their Purpose; there they would expose their Persons with wonderful Intrepidity. And when such a one comes in their Way, 'tis a certain Harvest of Laurels for 'em, which they haye most dearly purchas'd. They are Giants in Valour; and Heroes are but Pigmies to them. \* Our great Commander who beat the *French*, that warlike Nation, will be nothing at all, if compar'd with these incomparable Warriors.

THE third Species of pretending Coxcombs is of such, as I shall distinguish by the Name of Coxcombs in Politicks. These are always immers'd in some deep abstracted Meditation, but counterfeit; always wrapp'd up in a gloomy Gravity, but studied; their Foreheads always contracted with Wrinkles, and their Eyes fix'd and stedfast, but 'tis all Affectation; you would fancy by their Airs the whole Weight of a State, or the Affairs of a Kingdom, rested

\* The Marquis of *Torrecaſa*, who reliev'd *Perpignan*.  
upon

upon their Shoulders. What is it then these People, seemingly more busy than a first Minister, have in their Heads? Why, just nothing at all, but an ardent Desire to be thought Men of Depth, able Politicians, Genius's cut out for great Employments and important Affairs. Whereas, in Truth, an Affair of the least Consequence in the World is fittest for them; the smallest Trifle just matches their Parts and Abilities. But then they transform that Trifle into some considerable Negotiation, into some Project or other of vast Moment, which very few Persons are capable of but themselves. They view every Thing in a Microscope; an Atom is a Mountain in their Eyes; a Mote is a Beam, and a Pismire a Colossus. As to their Language, 'tis a Sort of Cypher, altogether unintelligible. Their Words have no Connexion with, or Relation to one another, broken by frequent Stops, intermix'd with Exclamations in the Air, and concluded with a Gesture or Grimace, which in their Way implies an important Mystery. If you'll take their Word for it, they long extremely for Retirement, but they dare not hope for it considering the present Exigence of Affairs, and the indispensable Necessity of their Service. Coxcombs, that deserve all the Leisure they have; since Leisure, whatever they pretend, is their

their greatest Punishment! Mere Machines of  
† *Gianello*, which make a great Noise to no  
Manner of Purpose!

Now let the Republick of Letters furnish its Quota of Actors; for that has its Coxcombs too of more Sorts than one. I shall only single out those little unfortunate Authors, who take a vast deal of Pains to let the World know they are in Being. These diminutive Genius's are a Sort of Emmets in the literary World! One Grain of Glory, true or false, is the Object of their most ardent Affection; and they are in a greater Bustle and Hurry to gain that, than *Ceres*'s Magpies are to draw that Goddess's Chariot in a plentiful Harvest. On this they can subsist very contented and happy, and can afford to boast too at every Turn of the pretended Justice done to their pretended Merit. Whereas 'tis merely to Complaint and good Nature, that they are indebted for some small Pittance of Praise, which they extorted with their Importunity, and receiv'd as an Alms. Or perhaps this poor Grain of Praise, which they make such a Noisel with in all Places, was not so properly given 'em, as thrown 'em unthinkingly. This is the Plan, upon which they compose their own Panegy-

† An Italian, who amuz'd Charles the Fifth with Clocks and Puppets in his Retirement.

rick to repeat from one Circle of Company to another. Ask 'em, as you would be induc'd to do by their Air of Sufficiency, what Pieces of Wit and Ingenuity are upon the Anvil, and you'll find they came on Purpose to have their own Madrigal, Song, or Epigram admir'd. You'll find they have read their Verses already to a hundred Persons, that are all pleas'd and charm'd with their Poetry. Poor, insignificant Coxcombs, like the Fowl, that disturb'd the whole Neighbourhood for an Egg; or like the Mountain, that made such a loud and terrible Groaning at the Delivery of a Mouse!

BUT to return; they that distinguish themselves the most by their Actions, and by a laudable Superiority of Merit in any Kind, always signalize themselves the most too by their Modesty and Silence upon those Articles. Being wholly Intent upon well-doing, they leave it to others to take Care of rendering them Justice; and tho' they may sometimes be forgotten for a Time, yet in the End their Actions speak for them, and challenge the Praise which by their own modest Silence and other Peoples Forgetfulness had been suppress'd. "Tis true, *Julius Cæsar* wrote his own Commentaries; but then that Hero's Modesty in his Commentaries is equal to his Bravery: He seems to have undertaken that Work only, that

he

he might leave no Room for Flattery to impose upon future Ages in the Matter of his History.

'Tis therefore a constant evident Truth, that there is no Way to attain true Glory, but by noble and meritorious Actions; Actions, worthy to be proclaim'd by the Goddess of a hundred Mouths. 'Tis in vain for those Persons that are destitute of this real acknowledg'd Merit, to pursue and promise themselves the Reward of it. 'Tis to little Purpose they falsely ascribe to themselves illustrious Actions, or exalt and magnifie their own base counterfeit Exploits; Fame will not spread her Wings to transmit 'em to Posterity. And what Course do they take to be reveng'd of this equitable Goddess, who refuses them her Service? Why, they betake themselves to mercenary Pens, which they hire and purchase at any Rate: These are to compile a Series of glorious Actions, and apply them to their Lives, which in Reality were spent ingloriously, and perhaps basely stain'd with Vices and Enormities. But the wise Men, whose Indignation rises against these spurious Encomiums, quickly detect the Impostors, and by their faithful Account of Things prevent this Imposition upon Posterity, which will be sure to degrade the Hero, and explode the Panegyrist. Were the Actions of

*Domitian* so many Triumphs to celebrate? They were indeed so many brutish Bravadoes. *Cæsar* and *Augustus* will be perpetual Objects of Admiration for Actions of a quite different Nature. And what were the noble Exploits of *Caligula* and *Nero*? Why, they were extoll'd and celebrated too, tho' the Death of a Beast, or the killing of a Deer, was the whole Matter of their Atchivement. But then 'twas their Money, not their Bravery, that purchas'd the Panegyrick. True Glory is not to be bought or sold; 'tis always given, but 'tis given only to Merit.

AFTER all, let the Men of little Merit be charm'd and enamour'd of themselves, as much as they please, and not conceal it; we'll excuse that, provided they go no further; that is, provided they arrogate nothing to themselves at the Expence of Truth. Methinks their slender Stock of Merit is not unworthy of Indulgence; and, if they had Sense, they would not think otherwise of themselves; they would not take so much Pains as they do, in the Gaiety of their Hearts to make themselves ridiculous. However they hurt no body but themselves; the Distemper they labour under, is not contagious; for Coxcombs and Impertinents that are so notorious and Publick, are Creatures of no Consideration or Consequence.

BUT

BUT the most pernicious and inexcusable Ostentation is, when a Person of some tolerable real Merit has the Vanity to dazzle and blind credulous People with a thousand imaginary Wonders, which he ascribes to himself with a grave Air and serious Countenance. Every Thing that comes from him, is of the first Rank in its Kind: All his Actions are unparallel'd Successes; all his Successes Miracles of Prudence; his whole Life one constant Series of Prodigies; every Part of it singular for Conduct, Prosperity, and every other Circumstance relating to his Profession. Poor, simple Wretches, that are deluded by the Impudence and the vaunting Words of a Coxcomb, that believe all he says, because they themselves are sincere; that praise him to his Face, because he praises himself to theirs; that applaud and extol him in Publick, because they are as credulous as he is vain-glorious.

CERTAINLY a Man must have a very mean Soul thus to surprize People into Praise and Esteem. As to those that bestow them upon the Impostor, nothing but their prodigious Simplicity can excuse them. For to commend a Coxcomb, countenances his Arrogance and Vanity, and in some Sort authorizes his Usurpation of true Merit. I own a Man is sometimes obliged, at least in Appearance, to com-

ply with the Vanities and Ostentation of a great Man; but whilst he respects the Dignity, he laughs in his Sleeve at the Coxcomb, till he can take the Liberty, to animadvert upon an Imperfection, which will always render us contemptible in the Eyes of wise Men.

## C H A P. XXI.

*The Active and Intelligent Man.*

THERE were once two Men, whom Nature had form'd perfectly sound; but they were afterwards so reduc'd by Misfortunes, that for procuring the Necessities of Life, the two were scarce equivalent to one. Industry after this made one out of the two. The Case in short was this; the one was grown blind, and the other had lost his Legs, when Industry rowz'd by the Cries of Necessity, suggested a Remedy to their Mifery. The Remedy was mutually to help and assist each other, and to live in an equal, reciprocal Dependance upon one another. You, says Industry, that have Eyes, lend them to this blind Man; and you, that have Legs, lend them to this lame Man. The two Disciples of Industry observ'd her Instruc*cti-*

structions. The blind Man carried the Cripple on his Back, and the Cripple guided and directed the Steps of the Blind. He without Legs call'd the Blind-man his *Atlas*; and the Blind-man call'd the Cripple his *Apollo*. 'Tis in the same Manner, that Action and Intelligence should reciprocally assist one another. They can do nothing single and independent: But if they concur and go Hand in Hand, they are capable of every Thing, and may surmount the greatest Difficulties. Intelligence enlightens and directs; Action follows its Directions and puts them in Execution. What the one has meditated slowly, the other dispatches quickly; a Project contriv'd and form'd at Leisure by that, is carry'd on with Briskness and Vivacity by this.

WE know People enough, that are lively, enterprizing, quick and expeditious; but we know very few, that are intelligent. Not long ago, as a certain Person was commending one of these active Men, a sage Critic answer'd with great Gravity, *The Person you commend would be a mighty Sovereign's able Minister, if he had Understanding equal to his Activity.* Indeed there is no relying, with any Prudence or Safety, upon these active People, if they be left entirely to their own Counsels. For in that Case the most important Affair is like a

trivial Affair left to Chance, whose Success, if good, will be agreeable, and if bad, will be of no Prejudice. For their Way is either to execute hastily without considering and choosing the proper Measures, or else to procrastinate and defer Execution; and then they think upon nothing but redeeming their Delay. Is this the Way to dispatch Affairs? No. This is leaving them to all Adventures. And the worst of all is, these mercurial Men will not hearken to Counsel; but act upon all Occasions, as if it was losing their Time to listen to Advice.

THEY, that are thus hurried away by the natural Impetuosity of their Tempers, seem to make no more use of their Reason than Madmen. They run on without any Caution or Circumspection, because they apprehend no Dangers. They precipitate all their Measures and Proceedings, because they never Reason or reflect. For, as they have no Reflexion, so neither are they sensible that they want it. A Man that has no Eyes to see other Objects with, has none to see himself with.

THERE is another Species of lively active Men, who seem to be born purely to follow Orders; for their only Talent is a happy Facility and Dispatch in the Execution of Affairs. But then it is by no Means proper or expedient,

ent, that they give Orders and Directions in any Enterprize whatsoever, because they have an unhappy Talent both in projecting, and in choosing their Measures. Thus Talents are divided. This Man is a Genius of the first Rate; that is a Genius of the second. The one is for Thought, the other for Action; one is a Man of Head, and the other a Man of Hands.

BUT an intelligent Man, that is not at the same Time an active one, is little better than a Man of Action without Understanding. What does it avail a blind Man to have Legs unless he has Eyes too to guide and direct them? And what does it avail another to have Eyes, if he has not Legs to walk with? What does the clearest Understanding signify, if Execution does not ensue? Or if his Steps, as is often the Case, run counter to his Knowledge?

MANY People abound in Projects, without resolving or fixing upon any. A fallacious Dif-  
fidence deludes them, and carries 'em from one Project to another, all which they suspect in their Turns to be too ill-grounded and un-  
certain to be rely'd upon. They have Pene-  
tration, its true; but being always wavering and ir-  
resolute, even when they think the best, they fluctuate in a perpetual Suspence between Yes  
and No: They lay aside one Design as soon

as it is form'd; to go upon another, which they'll no more stick to than the former. Every Thing appears to them at the same Time with two different Aspects, one of which is for their Purpose, and the other against it; they can come to no determinate Resolution. As if the Mind of Man was never to fix upon any Thing without a mathematical Demonstration of Success.

SOME Persons don't hesitate so long about coming to a Resolution; and yet they are never the more active for all that. They immediately perceive all the Advantages and Disadvantages in an Affair; after which they determine in their Minds to reap the Benefit of their Fore-sight. But they are dilatory Persons, and spoil all with their Delays. Eagles at Penetration, they discover at the first Glance of the Eye what is most proper to be done; but Tortoises at Execution, they constantly loiter and lag behind. In Council they shine, and instantly hit upon the right Point of the Thing in debate; but does Action and Execution come into Question? Then they shrink and draw back, because they hate Trouble; and in the End they fail of Success, because through their Indolence and Supineness they have neglected the proper Crisis.

THERE

THERE is another Species, who turn the Understanding, Nature has given 'em the wrong Way. They neglect Essentials, to mind Circumstantial, and have a strange Repugnancy and Aversion to every Thing, which the Duty of their Station exacts from them: For a Man's Condition of Life is not always suitable to his Genius. And yet the Course these Persons take, is not unattended with Difficulties; by their own Confession they find and experience enough, but they surmount 'em all easily and chearfully; because a Man always finds his Pleasure where he places it. Thus their Indolence and Inactivity with respect to important Affairs only proceeds from their Aversion to them in particular, not from a Dread of all Labour and Difficulty whatsoever. A good Understanding is certainly a great Blessing; and the right Application of it is another, not inferior to the former: For upon this Application and this Turn, the Glory or Disgrace of the finest Merit depends.

BUT farther, how unprofitable soever Knowledge may be without Action, yet it is undoubtedly true, that wise Men are more Dilatory both in enterprizing and executing than others. This Dilatoriness of theirs is in some Sort unavoidable; for it is the natural Effect of Reflexion, and Reflexion is their peculiar Property.

perty. As they fore-see all the Inconveniences, that attend a knotty, difficult Affair, so they study to remove them by such Means as may secure a happy Issue. This is the true Reason why their Activity is seldom equal to their Understanding. After all, if we must determine concerning the Proportion and Quantity, which ought to go together of these two Ingredients, they that are at the Helm of Affairs, require the larger Share of Understanding; and they that are at the Head of Armies, the larger Portion of Activity. But no Man can attain to the singular, illustrious Character of a Hero, unless he has them both in Perfection.

INDEED the main Spring of *Alexander's Heroism* was a most lively and vigorous Activity. He conquer'd, as he us'd to say, all in a Day that he might leave nothing for the morrow. Then where would he find Employment another Year? *Cæsar* too, that other Model of Heroism, rather precipitated than meditated his great Enterprizes, that neither his Glory might deter him, nor the Greatness of Dangers retard him. He never said, *March*; but always, *Let us March*. A Word worthy such a Thunder-bolt of War, as he was. Activity prevails even amongst the Brutes. 'Tis that which

which has given Sovereignty to the Lion, who is not the Beast of greatest Strength.

THAT which I have said concerning Understanding and Activity, exactly characterizes and distinguishes those two warlike Nations, the *Spanish* and *French*. Heaven seems purposely to have balanc'd their martial Rivalry and Emulation by the different Genius it has allotted to them. Moderation and Slowness are predominant in the *Spaniards*; and Fire and Briskness in the *French*. A formal dilatory Prudence is the Property of the one; and a quick Apprehension, impatient and eager for Action, is the Character of the other: Wariness and Caution supply the Want of Activity in the *Spaniard*; and a happy Confidence of Success supplies the Want of Temper and Moderation in the *French*. By this Means these two Nations in their Contests and Quarrels carry away the Victory by Turns, which delights sometimes to be ravish'd, and sometimes to be waited for. *Cæsar* well understood this Difference of their Geniuses in War heretofore; he vanquished the one by preventing them, and the other by Delays. Thus may we apply to the *Spanish* and *French* Nation those two famous Words of the great *Augustus*; *Festina lente*; Be leisurely quick. In this short Maxim they might both find out the just and proper Medium

Medium in which Perfection certainly confests.

BUT there is little Good to be had in this World without Mixture; the Bad seems to be continually plotting and labouring to adulterate and spoil it. How rare is the one, and how common is the other! Every Thing obstructs and opposes the Good, every Thing promotes and facilitates the Bad. There is but one Way, and that a very difficult one too, to arrive at Success, whilst there are a thousand easy and smooth ones, that lead us from it: That Concurrence and Coincidence of Circumstances, which constitute the Goodness of an Enterprize, as well as promise the Success of it, are so hard to be managed and brought about; and when all that is done, a thousand unforeseen Incidents occur, and occasion a Miscarriage. But nevertheless a skilful Understanding, and a vigorous Activity join'd together, will bring us out of Disorder, and recover a Success at the Point of being lost.



## C H A P. XXII.

*A Manner in every Thing. A Letter  
from the Author to his Friend Don  
Bartholomew de Morlanes.*

THAT Maxim, *a Manner in all Things*, I  
ought to be, dear Morlanes, one of the  
first we should study to practise, since *Cleobu-*  
*lus* was rank'd amongst the wise Men of the  
first Class only for having taught it. Not to  
injure that Philosopher, or wrong the Judg-  
ment of Antiquity, that has honour'd him with  
so excellent a Name, I should think it infinitely  
more glorious to practise a thorough Regula-  
rity and Decency in our Behaviour, than to  
teach it in the most flourishing Academy. To  
know how to prescribe excellent Rules and  
nothing more, is to be only a simple Rhetori-  
cian; but to teach and to practise what one  
teaches, is to be a Philosopher in earnest; that  
entitles one justly to the Denomination of a  
Philosopher and wise Man in the true Sense of  
the Words.

BE

BE that as it will, *A Manner in every Thing*, is one of the acknowledg'd Maxims necessary in Practise; as there are certain Principles allow'd as self-evident in Regard to Speculation. No; a Man should never be negligent about the Manner in any Matter whatsoever. The Manner is that which is always most obvious and visible; 'tis the Outside, the Mark, the Sign, and the Specification, as it were, of the Thing: By that external we come to the Knowledge of the internal. By the Rine and Outside of Fruit, which is visible to the Eye, we conjecture and judge of its Nature and Quality. A Man likewise, whom we never saw in our Lives, makes himself known to us in some Measure by his Air and his Figure. Thus is a Manner so far from being an indifferent Circumstance with Respect to Merit, that it is the very Thing which notifies it to our Senfes; 'tis that which rouzes our Attention, and engages it towards an Object that has already been capable of pleasing us at first Sight. This Sort of Perfection (for a Perfection it is) comes within the Reach and Capacity of all People; consequently it is unpardonable to renounce it, whatever some Pretenders to Solidity may alledge, who look upon Manner as a trifling, inconsiderable Circumstance. Some Persons are born with happy Dispositions for the

the acquiring of this Talent; but yet they will never have it in Perfection, unless they themselves second the Advances, which Nature has made in their Favour. There are others that have no previous Dispositions towards this Talent; these must remedy that Disadvantage by their own Industry: Art will at least in some Measure supply the Defect of their natural Disposition. But when Nature in this Respect is seconded by Art and Application, from that Union and Concurrence will proceed a Merit that charms Mankind; a *je ne sçay quoÿ*, an inexpressible Something, than adorns our Actions, beautifies our Persons, and ennobles even Nobility it self.

TRUTH indeed has its Force, Reason its Power, and Justice its Authority: But every one of these loses much of its Value, if it be not set off and adorned with a becoming Manner; and if it be accompanied with a suitable Manner, how greatly then is the Value enhanced! A Manner does yet more; it supplies the very Place of the Thing it self, and compensates the Meanness or Defect of it. It gives Strength to a feeble Truth, Depth to a superficial Reason, and Weight to an insufficient Authority. It makes us forget. What do I say? It covers and razes — that's still too little; it graces and adorns the Imperfections of Nature,

ture, and makes Amends for the partial Portion she has given us. In a Word, it is a kind of universal Supply that furnishes us with every Thing we want. How many Affairs have been spoil'd and ruin'd by a disagreeable Manner of Behaviour! How many on the other Hand have been prosperous and successful purely thro' the Advantage of an agreeable Deportment!

THE Monarch's Power, the Statesman's Zeal, the General's Bravery, the Scholar's Learning are all imperfect Qualities, if they be destitute of a suitable graceful Demeanor. But this equivalent, inhancing Circumstance (if I may express it so) becomes a substantial, essential Perfection in those Persons, that are born to govern, or chosen to command. Generally speaking all Superiors gain more Respect and Deference by Condescension and Humanity, than by demanding and exacting them in a despotic imperious Way. And a Sovereign in particular, who shades his Greatness with an Air of Kindness and Benevolence doubly engages us to our Duty. By that Means he reigns over our Hearts, and consequently over all the rest.

IN short the manner is in all Conditions and Situations an irresistible Attraction and Engagement: It procures Good-will at first Sight, and

and after having made that Step it advances by Degrees, and gains Esteem; and by these progressive Motions, it rises at last to Encomiums and Applause. We ought then (as I mention'd before) to omit no Means or Pains whatsoever towards the forming of this Talent, if Nature has not planted it in us: For after all, they that are pleas'd with it (and who is there, that is not?) do not enquire whether it be natural or acquir'd: They relish the Pleasure of it without any farther Examination or Enquiry.

MANNER in Regard to the Productions of Wit and Understanding, is almost a fundamental Point. In the first Place, if any Piece of Literature be grown antiquated and sunk into Oblivion or Obscurity, or neglected and thrown by for having been writ by an unskilful Author; this Talent alone will fetch it out of that Ignominy and Obscurity, and bring it to Light with Honour and Advantage. It reforms the antique Grossness of such Pieces, that would be offensive to the modern Politeness; it trims and dresses 'em up so agreeably, that the World receives them with as much Applause, as if they were new Products of the Writer's own Genius. But as we grow every Day more and more perfect, the present, prevailing Taste, you'll say, and not the antient is to be consulted. I grant it; but yet it is not difficult

to surprize the modern, reigning Taste out of a superannuated Composition or old-fashioñ'd Treatise. A small Alteration is often sufficient for that Purpose; some little new Turn, which disguises the old Thought, and makes it pass for a new one. Every Thing seems to become new in some Mens Hands, that have a certain peculiar cast of Wit. With that Talent they take out all that's flat in a mean Author, all that's insipid in a trite Subject, and all that's servile in an Imitation or Copy. Let the Matter they handle be what it will, historical or rhetorical, the Historian will be read, and the Orator will be heard. For though the Subject be common, yet 'tis treated after a new and uncommon Manner.

IN the second Place; Things that are in themselves choice and exquisite ('tis true) do not weary us, though they be represented to our Minds over and over. But yet, if they do not weary us, at least they cease to entertain us with equal Pleasure. Now this is the Time we should perceive it necessary to have Recourse to this Talent of Manner, and to give the Subject that new Dress, which it seems to require. That new Decoration strikes and awakens the Fancy, and pleases it as much as if some new Objects were presented to it: Whereas they are only the same plac'd in a new  
and

and different Light: Old Pictures, just vamp'd up and new-varnish'd. These then are two Maxims constantly true in Matter of Literature; that on one Hand the most ingenious Poce will not be exquisitely pleasing to the Faste, if it be not season'd and dish'd up with an agreeable Manner; on the other Hand, the most common or trivial Thing is no longer so, if it be treated in a polite Way, in that engaging Manner, which new-models every Thing it takes in Hand.

A Manner is likewise of great Advantage in civil Society, in the common ordinary Converse of Life. Let two Men relate the same Story in Company, the one shall please, and the other shall disgust; this is a wide Difference: Whence does it proceed? Why; it proceeds entirely from the Manner. The one has something in his Air and Manner of Expression, that is affecting and engaging; the other has something aukward and dull in his Person and Language, which tires the Hearers and lulls 'em asleep. But the worst of all is, when a Man's Manner and Behaviour is not only not agreeable, but likewise positively bad and disagreeable, and that willful and affected too, as is often the Case with Men in great Posts and Employments. How many have we known, whose harsh, rude, insolent,

brutish Manner has made all Mankind avoid them! Your haughty supercilious Air, said a wise Man once to one that we know, is not indeed in it self a Vice, which ought to brand you with Dishonour; but nevertheless it is ~~is~~ Fault, and such a considerable Fault too, that it alienates all civiliz'd People from you, and banishes them from your House and Presence. Have you a Mind to recover and fetch back these amiable Fugitives? Do but put on a gracious obliging Air; that Attraction alone will bring them all again. That Metamorphosis and Change of the out-side will persuade them there was first of all one within.

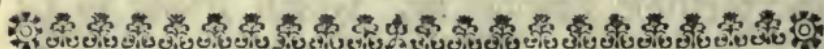
A VOLUME would not be sufficient to particularize all the Advantages of an agreeable Manner. It intermixes so many civil Things even in a Refusal, that we scarcely perceive it to be one; at least we take it more kindly than a Favour granted us with an ill Grace and reluctant Countenance. It so qualifies a Reprimand too, that it makes it appear more like a Commendation than Reprof. Under the Form of a kind Approbation of our Conduct, which it seems to look upon as discreet, it will couch and insinuate a genteel Remonstrance, finely to point out and intimate to us, that we are not so perfect as we should be. In a Word, a Manner is a sort of universal Specifick for all

all Disorders, an universal Supplement to all Defects and Imperfections, an universal Means towards an universal Success.

BUT after all, pray, what is this Manner you speak of? In what does it precisely consist? It is in short a Thing not to be defin'd: For it consists in a certain *je ne sçay quoy*, an inexpressible Something, which is not to be defin'd neither. Without attempting then to explain its Nature and Essence I shall only call it an Assemblage or Conjunction of Perfections, a Master-piece of Work finish'd by the Hands of all the *Graces*.

WE need not go back to former Ages to fetch an Example of this Master-piece, this inexplicable, inexpressible Something. *Isabella de Bourbon*, Queen of *Castille*, was possessed of this Union of Perfections, attested by the general Admiration and Applause of all *Spain*. Not to mention a thousand other Qualities, which gain'd her more Glory, than any Queen of her Name ever merited in this Kingdom, this Princess had such a charming Manner of Behaviour, such engaging, winning Ways, an Affability so natural, easy, and majestick at the same Time, that she gain'd the Hearts of all that approach'd her. She did a great deal in a little Time. She liv'd universally admir'd, and dy'd universally lamented. Heaven soon

claim'd this angelick Vertue, of which the World was not worthy. *Isabella de Bourbon*, after having been the too too short-liv'd Felicity of this Kingdom, was taken hence to the Fruition of an eternal Felicity prepar'd for her Merits.



## C H A P. XXIII.

*The Discontented without Cause, or Fortune justified. A Fable.*

INFINITE Numbers of People complain of Fortune's ill Usage; but very few keep an Account of her Favours. This Discontentedness in Mankind has infected the very Beasts according to the System of wise *Æsop*. There is not one amongst the most stupid of the Brute Animals, but what either blusters or brays against Fortune. Even the *Afs*, since we must call him by his Name, went from Herd to Herd, and from one Company to another to utter his Grievances, and bemoan his lamentable Condition. And he not only met with great Compassion for his Sufferings, particularly amongst his Brethren, that endur'd the same

same in common with him, but with great Applause too for his complaining. 'Tis said, at the Instigation of several Quadrupeds of various Species's, he went at last to present himself before *Jupiter*, upon a Day of general Audience. There in a very humble Posture he awkwardly beg'd Leave to lay open the Cause of his Coming. And Leave being granted, with a very pitiful Air he utter'd the following Harangue yet more pitiful.

O MOST upright *Jupiter*; for I call upon you as a righteous Judge, not as an Avenger. You see here in your Majestick Presence the the most unfortunate, the most helpless, and the most wretched of all Creatures. I come not so much to desire Vengeance for the Wrongs and Injuries which I suffer every Day, as to procure a Remedy for my Misery.

How can your Justice, O immortal God, bear with Fortune's Injustice to me? She's only blind in Regard to me. She's a wicked Slut, a Shrew, a Step-Mother. Nature made me, what I am, the most ignorant of Animals; and why would that barbarous Creature make me likewise the most miserable? Is not that a treading of all Laws under Foot? In me she persecutes Innocence, whilst she favours Wick-edness in others. The proud imperious Lion triumphs; the cruel Tyger lives; the Fox steals

with Impunity; and the Wolf devours other People's Flocks. I, that do no Harm to any Body, am abus'd by every Body. Knowing me to be very patient and passive, they load me with heavy Burdens, and quite oppress me with Labour; I'm not able to endure it. As for Careffes and Kindnes there is no Need to mention them; for I am not acquainted with 'em. But Abuses and Affronts I have enough of; those I hear with both Ears, of all Kinds, and at all Hours of the Day. As for my feeding, even Thistles, the Cast-away of all other Quadrupeds, are given me with Grudgings and Upbraidings; I have not half my Fill. And yet, if I chance, thro' the Importunity of Hunger, to make never so little a Stop upon the Road, immediately I'm pelted with Blows upon my Back and Sides; for Blows and Affronts are the only Things that are not grudg'd me. Moreover I'm neglected and left in so dirty and shabby a Condition, that, ugly as I am, I am ashame'd to appear before Gentlemen; and so I'm forc'd to serve Peasants and Clowns, that use me just as they will: And this, I own, troubles me more than all the rest.

THIS Harangue did not fail to make some Impression upon the Hearers. Only Jupiter, who is always equal, was not affected with it. He with a grave Majestick Air made a Sign, intima-

intimating his Pleasure to have Fortune call'd upon to be heard in her Turn. Immediately People of all Ranks and Degrees, Men of the Sword, Men of Employments, Men of Letters, all run to seek out Fortune, without ever thinking to inform themselves at once where she was to be met with. They ran over a Thousand different Places without finding her. They ask'd infinite Numbers of People where she resided, but not one could tell them. Then they went into the stately Hall of powerful Credit. There the Hurry and Confusion was so great, and all the People were so taken up with their own Business, that they scarce perceiv'd the Strangers, so far were they from attending to them, or giving 'em an Answer. From thence they went to the Palace of Riches, where Solitude at the Threshold told 'em in a repining Tone; *Fortune, 'tis true, makes a pretty many Apparitions here; but 'tis only to bring us Troubles and Crosses.* The Couriers receiving this Answer posted away without making any Reply, and came to the Dwelling-house of Wisdom, where they found what they least sought for: Poverty presently came out to 'em and told them; *Fortune is not here at present, but we expect her without Impatience.* In short, after a great many vain Searches and Enquiries, the Travellers at last espied at a

Distance

Distance a gay, sumptuous Building, that looked like the Work of some Fairies. Thither they hasten'd their March; and coming near this enchanted Castle, they found it well barricado'd and secur'd. These Precautions made 'em conclude they were at their Journey's End. They call'd out therefore, as loud as they could roar, thundering out the Name of *Jupiter*, and saying they were his Messengers and Deputies. Upon this Fortune came out at a solitary By-place, where she sometimes retires to avoid the Importunities of Mortals. The Deputies, whom she receiv'd with a smiling Countenance, declar'd their Errand and Commission in few Words, and then retir'd.

FORTUNE in an Instant convey'd her self before the Throne of *Jupiter*, where every Body crowded to see her, and more to be seen by her. *Jupiter* in the mean Time spoke to her in these Terms. " How comes it to pass, Fortune, that I hear nothing but daily Complaints against your Conduct? I know indeed 'tis no easy Matter to satisfy one single Man, much less many, and impossible to satisfy all. I know too, that the most Part are weary even of their Ease, and complain of their Situation, or for any Trifle they want, whilst they shew you no Gratitude for all the Necessaries which they enjoy in Abundance.

" 'Tis

“ ‘Tis a strange Thing; in others they always  
“ look upon their Blessings only, without re-  
“ garding their appendant Inconveniences; in  
“ themselves on the contrary they look upon  
“ nothing but their Inconveniences, and over-  
“ look all their Blessings and Advantages.  
“ When they cast their Eyes upon crown’d  
“ Heads, they are wholly taken up and charm’d  
“ with the Lustre of the Diadem; and yet they  
“ who wear it, carry a heavy Burden. For  
“ these Reasons I have not hitherto much  
“ hearken’d to the Complaints of Men. They  
“ are always discontented with their Conditi-  
“ on, whatever it is, or can possibly be. But  
“ the Complainant here, that is now the Party  
“ against you, Fortune, has laid open a Case to  
“ us, which seems to be of a very particular  
“ Nature. He alledges that his Misfortune is  
“ without Precedent or Example; and he  
“ charges you with being the Author of it.  
“ What Answer do you make to this Charge?

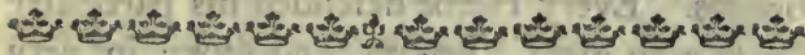
Fortune could hardly forbear smiling at the Manner of *Jupiter*’s demanding her Answer. But considering the Place she was in, she refrain’d, and with great Gravity made this Reply.

“ Sovereign *Jupiter*, I shall only make Use  
“ of two Words to justify my self from this  
“ Imputation. Be pleas’d to hear them; they  
“ are .

“ are these. My Adversary here in your Ma-  
“ jesty’s Presence complains that he is an Ass.  
“ And whose Fault is that?

The whole Audience applauded the Repar-  
tee: *Jupiter* was satisfied, and was pleas’d to  
make the following Speech for the Benefit and  
Instruction of the silly Complainant. “ Poor  
“ Creature, says he, thou wouldst not be so  
“ unhappy, if thou hadst more Conduct. Go;  
“ endeavour for the future to imitate the Vi-  
“ gilance of the Lion, the Dexterity of the  
“ Fox, the Prudence of the Elephant, and the  
“ Wariness of the Wolf. Learn to make  
“ Choice of proper Means for the attaining of  
“ what thou desirest, and thou wilt attain it.  
“ Then raising his Voice a little: Let all Men,  
“ says he, for once at least be undeceiv’d in  
“ what they call Happiness and Unhappiness;  
“ let them know, that the Fountain of the one  
“ is Wisdom, and the Source of the other is  
“ Folly.





C H A P. XXIV.

*The last Perfection of the Compleat Gentleman. A Moral Fable.*

FORMERLY there arose, as we find in the Legend of Fables, a Debate of great Consequence amongst the Perfections of the Soul. The Point in Question was Precedency, which every one of them thought was his indisputable Right. The Dispute at first seem'd to be nothing but a generous Emulation, which made each of them aspire after the highest Degree of Excellence in its Kind. But they insensibly grew hot and violent, as it generally happens, when People talk much, and fancy themselves in the Right. The Thing became a very serious Affair, almost a kind of Quarrel, in which the Point of Honour might chance to be concern'd. However each Competitor, being secretly afraid for its Cause, laid Claim to its respective Hero, and call'd him in to its Assistance. The several Heroes immediately engag'd for the Parties, to which they ow'd their Glory; they were but few in Number,

only

only the Flower of the most illustrious Personages. Every Heroe defended his particular Cause with great Vivacity, and spoke in very magnificent Terms of that Perfection, which had render'd him eminent and conspicuous. The General of the Army extol'd *Valour* above all Things; the Statesman, *Policy*; and the Orator, *Eloquence*.

BUT the Point, which was likely to Occasion the greatest Trouble, and which none of 'em however forgot in his Encomium, was Immortality. The Competitors had all merited it, and consequently seem'd to be upon equal Terms in that Respect. In the mean Time the Evidence of Fact determin'd Nothing: The Matter rested upon the more or the less right, which each of 'em had acquir'd to Immortality. And as this was an essential Point, they disputed it with so much Warmth and Vehemence, that they shook the very Roof of the Palace of Heroism. Fame and Fortune, who were both present at this Adventure, wherein they must necessarily be concern'd, neither decided *pro* nor *con*, but waver'd and stagger'd in their Evidence according to the Diversity of Incidents and Circumstances. Thus, every one growing still more and more obstinate in his own Cause, the Dispute seem'd to threaten endless Contention, till  
a Phi-

a Philosopher rose up and spoke with Authority to this Effect. " This Contest is the Child of Chaos and Confusion. Why should not the Matter be referr'd to a disinterested Umpire, whose equitable Judgment may be a final Decision without Appeal." They all unanimously agreed to the Philosopher's Proposition, and engag'd themselves to submit to the Sentence of an impartial Umpire. But by shunning one Inconvenience they fell into another. For where could they find an impartial Tribunal to be determin'd by? The most equitable undoubtedly was that of *Astrea*, who renders Justice to all the World without Exception. But how was it possible to find her, who had left the Habitations of Men so many Ages ago?

However the Philosopher, who had propos'd the Expedient of Arbitration, suggested an Umpire which they could not reasonably refuse. Not one of them besides himself had thought upon it: So deeply was every one taken up with his Prepossessions in Favour of his own personal Perfection. This Arbitrator then was Truth. But they were a great while in seeking her out; nor would they ever have found her, had it not been for the Disciples of Wisdom, who implor'd her Assistance upon this pressing Emergency. She was retir'd into an obscure

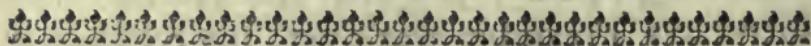
obscure Cave, resolving never to appear more, because she was so much belied and defam'd in all Places. At first she alledg'd an Indisposition, which had almost depriv'd her of the Use of her Tongue; this was, because they had told her, that several Monarchs were interested in the Affair in Question. But the Disciples of Wisdom had been so prudent and cautious as to provide a Safe-conduct and *Charte-blanche* for her, that she might speak with absolute Freedom and Liberty. She then made her Appearance amongst the Perfections and the Heroes, darting and diffusing on every Side resplendent Rays of genuine Light. And though no Body loves her, yet they were all charm'd with the Sight of her, every one perhaps flattering himself, that she would decide in his Favour.

AFTER Truth had met with an agreeable Reception from the Heroick Assembly she sat down in a Throne, that was prepar'd for her. The Competitors then summ'd up in few Words what they had said before; and every one repeated his Encomium upon that particular Perfection, which had entitled him to Immortality. Truth heard them all; commended all the Perfections in general; and then entring into Particulars, she prais'd and illustrated each Perfection in such a Manner,  
that

that they always thought she was going to give the Precedency to that, which she was discoursing upon. And after this pleasant and instructive Preamble was over, she concluded in these Words.

“ EMINENT Qualities, you that constitute “ the immortal Honour of the Hero, the wise “ Man, and the universal Man, I esteem you “ all; I admire you all, let none of you doubt “ it. But yet I cannot dissemble what is true, “ for in that I should destroy my self, and “ cease to be what I am. I say then, there is “ one Thing, which has all this while been “ suppress'd, and not taken notice of amongst “ you, and yet is the very Thing, that must “ give the last Seal, the finishing Hand to all “ the Perfections here assembled. The Thing “ I mean is, what *Seneca* calls Man's only “ Good; *Aristotle*, the Glory of Humanity; “ *Salust*, the Badge of Immortality; *Cicero*, “ the Root of true Happiness; *Apuleius*, an “ Impres of the Deity; *Sophocles*, inexpressible Riches; *Euripides*, a rare Treasure; *Virgil*, the Beauty of the Soul; *Cato*, the Foundation of Authority; *Socrates*, the Basis of “ Felicity; *Menander*, his Buckler; *Horace*, “ his Strength; *Bias*, his all; *Valerius Maximus*, a Thing inestimable; *Plautus*, the “ Price of all Things; *Cæsar*, the Perfection

" of all great Qualities ; and what I, in one  
" Word, call Virtue.



## C H A P. XXV.

*The Distribution of the Compleat Gentleman's Life.*

THE wise and compleat Man is an Economist of his Time; he divides his Life into regular, distinct Portions, wisely considering how comprehensive the Span is, how infinite the Importance of it, and how short the Duration. Life, however short it is on other Accounts ; yet, if it were not distributed into Parts, would be like a long tedious Road without Lodgings or Accommodation. Nature, expos'd to our Eyes for our Instruction, divides her self in the Space of one single Year into four different Seasons. And this Variety in the Universe represents that Diversity of Ages, which make up the Series and Contexture of human Life. The Spring, abounding with tender Flowers, is our Infancy ; which is full of nothing but frail Hopes. The Summer is our Youth ; a tempestuous hot Season, wherein the Passions are kept in a violent Ferment and

and Agitation, through the perpetual boiling of our Blood, Autumn crown'd with Fruits is our Man-hood; 'tis the ripe Age of Man, full-grown and mature in his Principles, Projects and Counsels. Last of all is Winter; which is a true Symbol of Old-age, succeeding our Manhood. Then every Thing in us begins to decay, our Eyes grow weak, our Hair grey, our Teeth shake, Wrinkles come, and the Blood's chill'd: The whole Man trembles, ready at every Step to fall and tumble into his Grave.

THIS Diversity of Ages and Seasons in the Course of Nature, the wise Man proportionably imitates in the Course and Order of moral Life. The first Part of his reasonable Years (if I may term them so) he employs in conversing with the Dead; the second in conversing with the Living; and the last, with himself. Let us expound this little Mystery. I mean then, that the wise Man dedicates the first Part of his Life to Reading; and this is not so properly Business or Employment, as it is a disposing and preparing of himself for it. However this Sort of Study deserves its Commendation; for to learn is the noblest Exercise and Operation of the Mind; as Knowledge is the peculiar Perfection that distinguisheth Mankind, and gives one a Pre-eminence over another.

ther. But if a Man would improve and adorn his Mind to the best Advantage by his Reading, he ought to know what Books are most excellent and valuable in their Kind. The Way to attain this useful, necessary Knowledge is to converse with learned Men, and assist our own discerning Faculty with their Judgments and Approbation.

HE begins with the Study of Languages, in the first Place with *Latin* and *Spanish*, which are the two universal Tongues, and the Keys of the World at this Day. He then applies himself to *Greek*, to *French*, *Italian*, *English* and *Dutch*. This understanding of Languages is highly necessary towards our excelling in other Sciences; it enables us to know, to compare, and to use upon Occasion the various Thoughts, which the fine Genius's of different Countreys have had upon a Subject.

FROM Languages he proceeds to History, with this Caution, to pick and cull out those that are most instructive and entertaining at the same Time. He begins with ancient History, and ends with modern. A great many People indeed follow the contrary Method. But that, methinks, is against natural Order, and attended with this Inconvenience; that it leaves the ancient to a great Hazard of not being

being read at all, because on Account of the Distance of Time, 'tis less apt to engage our Affections or excite our Curiosity. However, the most essential Point is not to choose the most florid, but the most accurate Writers; whether in sacred or prophane History, in that of our own, or of other Countries. And, to prevent, as much as possible, all Confusion and Forgetfulness, we should range and digest the Things we read into some compendious Form or other, to make them more portable for the Memory. We should carefully mark down Times, Epochs, Centuries, Ages; the Extent of Empires, Kingdoms, Common-wealths, their Progress, Revolutions, Changes and Declensions; the Number, Order and Qualities of the Princes, that have reign'd over those States and Kingdoms, their Actions Military and Civil. A Man, I own, ought to have a happy Memory to retain all this; but a certain System which he may form by his Judgment, will be a great Relief and Assistance to the Memory, and supply what is wanting to its Perfection.

FROM hence he takes a Turn into the delightful Gardens of Poetry; not so much to exercise himself in the Art, as to gather up the Flowers and Beauties of it. The reading of the Poets is not only an exquisite Pleasure to the Mind, but 'tis moreover of infinite Advantage, and in some measure, if not absolutely

necessary. And tho' a Gentleman be too prudent to make Poetry his Business or Profession, yet he has not so little of the Poet in him, but he can make a Copy of Verses upon Occasion. But let that be his *ne plus ultra*. Let him beware of falling into the Indiscretions of frequent poetizing. He reads all the true Poets; that is, all those that have excell'd. Their Works are full of judicious Sentences, sublime Thoughts, noble Sentiments, elegant Turns, happy Expressions; in a Word of a thousand delicate Strokes, and Touches of ally Kinds, which form, elevate and embellish the Understanding. But tho' he esteems all the Masters of the Art, and derives Benefit and Improvement from them all, yet he has some that are his peculiar Favourites, that he more particularly cherishes than the rest. Such is *Horace* for Example, or \* *Martial*; the one is a constant, perfect Model of true Wit, delicate Sense, elegant Choice, exquisite Taste, and Excellence in every Respect; the other is undoubtedly the most extraordinary, and will remain so, in the Art of cooking up a Thought with the most poinant Seasoning, and exquisite Relish. To Poetry he adds the other Parts of liberal, genteel Knowledge, and so gathers up a Treasure of that agreeable polite Learning,

\* Gratian was of Bilbilis, the Poet Martial's Countrey.

which

which gives Lustre and Beauty to the most abstruse Sciences.

FROM this polite Learning he enters upon Philosophy, and in the first Place upon Natural Philosophy. He studies the first Principles of Things, the Structure of the Universe, the Contexture of human Bodies, the Properties of Beasts, the Virtues of Plants, and the Qualities of Metals. But he dwells the longest upon Ethics, or Moral Philosophy, which is the proper Food of the Soul, and what perfects her in all the Virtues and Qualifications of a Gentleman. This Science is to be collected chiefly out of the Sages and Philosophers, who have reduc'd it into Sentences, Axioms, Emblems, Satyrs and Fables. He grows enamour'd of *Seneca*, *Plato*, the seven Wisemen, *Epicetus*; *Plutarch*, without disdaining the amusing and instructive *Æsop*.

HE then applies himself to Cosmography of both Kinds; he learns to measure the Land and the Sea; to distinguish Climates, Latitudes, and the four Divisions of the World; the Provinces, Nations, Kingdoms and Republicks compriz'd therein. He finds a double Advantage in this Study; the one is to know all this, and the other is to be able to discourse upon it; that he may not be like a great many ignorant Persons, that scarce know the Climate they live in. He then acquires

the

the Knowledge of the celestial Globes, which roll over our Heads; he observes their various Motions, numbers the Stars and Planets, and acquaints himself with their Influences and Effects. As to Astrology, he examines no farther into that than Wisdom allows.

ALL these Studies terminate in the constant reading the Holy Scriptures : For that is undoubtedly the most profitable, the most comfortable, the most agreeable and satisfactory Reading, both for the Sublimity and Variety of the Matter contain'd in the sacred Pages. King *Don Alphonso*, the Magnanimous, in all the Multiplicity of his important Affairs of Peace and War, found Time to read the whole Bible fourteen Times over, together with Commentators and Expositors.

THIS is the Price, at which he purchase the glorious Appellation of a Compleat Gentleman. Moral Philosophy makes the honest Man; natural Philosophy the ingenious Man; History the Man of Experience; Poesy the Man of Wit; Rhetorick the eloquent Man; polite Learning sheds a diffusive Grace and Ornament upon all Kinds of Literature; the Knowledge of the World constitutes the intelligent Man; the Study of the sacred Pages forms the good Man; but all this must go together to make the perfect, compleat Gentleman.

Gentleman. Such a one was *Don Sebastian de Mendoza, Count de Corugua.*

THE second Part of Life he dedicates to the Conversation and Knowledge of the Living, and to enjoy the greater Variety of that Pleasure he travels into different Nations and foreign Countries. This Inclination to travelling is a great Happiness to him that undertakes it for the Sake of Improvement, with the Curiosity of getting a personal Information of Things, provided he has a Capacity for that Purpose. He meets with some Fatigue indeed in seeking and searching ; but then he finds infinite Pleasure and Satisfaction in discovering and examining all the Curiosities of the World, and in making his Uses and Improvements from them. What a Man does not see, he does not properly know, and can only relish imperfectly. There is a great Difference in this Respect between the Eyes and the Imagination. A judicious Traveller has two considerable Advantages ; the one is, to have a juster Knowledge of what relates to foreign Countries, than other People have ; and the other is to reap more Pleasure from it, than any other Persons can possibly do. For he that sees curious Objects but once, has a very different Sense of them from him that sees them every Day. Those Rarities and Wonders are common to the latter ; but in regard to the former they have the Charm of Novelty, which

both

both excites and gratifies his Curiosity. When a magnificent Palace is first finish'd, it is for a while the Delight of the Owner; but in a little Time that Pleasure forsakes him, and is transfer'd to Strangers. The Benefit a Man reaps from travelling is very obvious. In the first Place he brings Home at least experimental Knowledge, which has always been esteem'd by wise Men. For this Knowledge undeceives us by the Testimony of our own Eyes in regard to the false Accounts and Descriptions, which ill-inform'd Writers have given of a Country; and confirms the Fidelity of those Descriptions, that are made by just and accurate Authors.

As to the Places, which he travels to, he generally confines himself to those, that are of greatest Note; as *Spain*, *France*, *England*, *Germany*, *Muscovy*, and above all, *Italy*, where he makes his longest Residence. There he views and observes at Leisure all the Cities of greatest Fame, and all that is curious and singular in each, whether of antient or modern Date; the Magnificence of the Churches, the sumptuous and noble Architecture of the Palaces: There he remarks their Wisdom in Government and Policy, the understanding of the Inhabitants, the bright Genius's and fine Wits amongst the Nobility and People of Literature.

THERE are many other Articles of Importance to be taken Notice of in one's Travels;

one

one of the most material is to frequent the Courts of the most powerful Princes; for they are not inaccessible to Merit.

THERE he finds every Thing, which either Art or Nature can produce; whatever is most rare and curious in Gardens, Terrasses, Fruits, Paintings, Statues, Jewels, Cabinets and Libraries. There he converses with the greatest and ablest Men in every Way, in Politicks, in Letters, in military Skill, in Arts and in Virtue. And when he has judiciously examin'd and consider'd all this for his own Improvement, he makes a just and proper Estimate of it, without undervaluing it on one Hand, or over-rating it on the other.

THE last Portion of Life, which is the best, and should be the longest, he spends in conversing with himself; that is, in considering, ruminating and meditating upon all that he has read and seen, in order to make such an Use of it, as becomes his Character and Condition. For whatever enters into our Minds thro' the Medium of our attentive Senses, settles in our Understandings, and remains there to be made Use of and digested after our own Way. By this Means every sensible Thing becomes in some Sort intellectual, is weigh'd, examin'd, judg'd and determin'd by the Ballance of our Reason. And all the Subject-matter of our Reading undergoes the same Tryal; we revolve, unravel and define

define it, we make a nice and critical Judgment of it, in order to separate the true from the false, and the solid from the trivial and insignificant. But the Time for these wise Reflections and Meditations (as I observ'd before) is our full and mature Age. Then the Understanding being grown more independent on the Senses thro' long Experience, and less clogg'd and incumber'd by the Necessities of the Body, which are commonly supernumerary in the Time of Youth, then, I say, the Understanding is come to its full Vigour and perfect Liberty. Then it apprehends and is affected in a very different Manner from what it was heretofore. Its Maturity sheds its Influence upon all our Thoughts and Sentiments. O the inexpressible Happiness of thinking and reflecting in this Manner! To know and to perceive what Things are proper for our Instruction, is what our intelligent Man may do; but to reflect upon them afterwards, and to digest 'em well, is the wise Man's Province. To reason and philosophize in this efficacious Way, to rectifie and undeceive the Mind in regard to all Objects whatsoever is the sovereign Point and Perfection of Wisdom. And this Philosophy chiefly consists in the frequent Meditation upon our latter End; that is the Point in which all our Thoughts should centre, in Order to dye well once for all.



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